



**GASP! CHOKE!! IT'S BACK!!**



PAPER CUT

**NO. 1  
ALL-NEW!**

\$3.95  
\$4.95 CAN

R.I.P.  
**TALES**  
FROM THE  
**CRYPT**  
1950-1955



WHAT,  
ME  
DEAD?!

Kyle Baker

55 95US \$4.95CAN

01

**FIRST PAPER CUT  ISSUE!**



HEH, HEH! WELL, WE MEET AGAIN, BOLS AND SHOULS! IT'S BEEN TOO LONG. I MISSED YOU— BUT MY AIM IS GETTING MUCH BETTER! YOU DISMEMBER MY TWO FRIENDS AND ME, DON'T YOU? WE'RE SHOULANATICS, TELLERS OF TWISTED TALES OF TERROR AND SHOCK SUSPENSESTORIES! I'M THE CRYPT-KEEPER, HE'S THE VAULT-KEEPER, AND SHE'S THE OLD WITCH!

SHE'S A REAL LOOKER, ISN'T SHE? DROP DEAD GORGEOUS!



THEY'RE HERE HELPING ME DE-SOME-ATE MY CRYPT WITH PORTRAIT PAIR-TINGS OF MY FAVORITE DEAD-HEADS! WHICH REMINDS OF MY FAVORITE CHILLING STORY, ABOUT MY FAVORITE ARTIST, A MAD GENIUS KNOWN AS JACK KROLL...



I CALL IT...

**BODY OF WORK!**

NOTHING MUCH HAPPENS IN THE TOWN OF CRANWELL, NEW JERSEY, THAT'S WHY. WHEN ELDERLY GLADYS PRICE DIED, PEOPLE NOTICED, ESPECIALLY MIKE AND LINDA ANDERSON, THE MARRIED COUPLE WHO LIVED NEXT DOOR.



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE SHE'S GONE. SHE WAS OLD EVEN WHEN I WAS A KID.

I WONDER WHO'S GOING TO MOVE INTO HER HOUSE.

DURING THE NEXT SIX MONTHS, ALL THE CUSTOMERS AT THE LOCAL DINER WHERE MIKE WORKED AS A COOK, AND LINDA, AS A WAITRESS, HAD IDEAS...



I HEARD SOME WEALTHY COMPUTER GUY WAS LOOKING THE PLACE OVER.

MILLIE AT THE REAL ESTATE OFFICE SAID A DOCTOR HAD EXPRESSED INTEREST.

A FEW WEEKS LATER THE HOUSE WAS SOLD. A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER...



ALL ANYONE IN TOWN SEEMS TO KNOW ABOUT OUR NEW NEIGHBOR IS THAT HIS NAME IS JACK KROLL.

HE'S GOT OLDER FURNITURE THAN OURS. HE MUST BE EVEN CHEAPER THAN YOU... IF THAT'S POSSIBLE!



IT'S BEEN THREE MONTHS SINCE KROLL MOVED IN NEXT DOOR AND HE HASN'T TALKED TO US ONCE

HEY, I TALK TO YOU ALL THE TIME AND BELIEVE ME HE'S NOT MISSING ANYTHING!

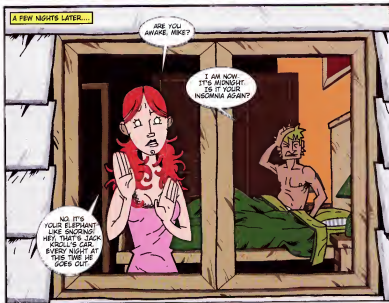


HE MUST HAVE MONEY; HE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE A JOB.

FRAN AT THE HARDWARE STORE SAYS HE COMES IN AT LEAST ONCE A WEEK AND BUYS PAINT AND CANVASES

NOT LIKE THE 'GLAMOROUS' ONES WE HAVE AT THE DINER.

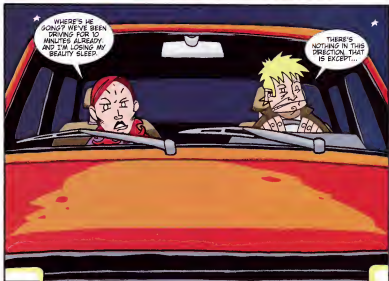
A FEW NIGHTS LATER....



ARE YOU AWAKE, MIKE?

I AM NOW. IT'S MIDNIGHT. IS IT YOUR INSOMNIA AGAIN?

NO IT'S YOUR ELEPHANT-LIKE SNORING! HEY, THAT'S JACK KROLL'S CAR, EVERY NIGHT AT THIS TIME HE GOES OUT.





...THE TOWN CEMETERY! SO THAT'S WHERE HE'S BEEN GOING! BUT WHY?

MAYBE HE'S VISITING THE LAST COUPLE THAT FOLLOWED HIM AROUND AT NIGHT.



THERE HE IS! THIS IS REALLY CREEPY! EVEN SCARIER THAN OUR HONEYMOON!

KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN! WE DON'T WANT HIM TO HEAR US.

AND WE DON'T WANT TO WAKE UP ANYONE.



HE'S PAINTING A PICTURE!

WELL, I GUESS STAMP COLLECTING ISN'T FOR EVERYONE.

ON THEIR WAY BACK HOME...

WELL, NOW WE KNOW WHERE HE GOES AT NIGHT AND WHAT HE'S DOING.

HE'S ONE SICK PUPPY.

A FEW DAYS LATER....

CHECK OUT THESE PHOTOS, BOB AT THE DRUGSTORE GAVE THEM TO ME, THEY'RE COPIES OF THE ONES THAT KROLL DROPPED OFF TO BE DEVELOPED.





THESE MUST BE  
SOME OF HIS PAINTINGS!  
LOOK AT ALL THOSE CORPSES!  
YOU DON'T THINK HE  
ACTUALLY DIGGS THEM  
UP, DO YOU?

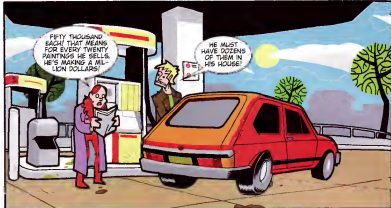


IF HE HAD  
MARTY AT THE  
POLICE STATION  
WOULDN'T HE SAID  
SOMETHING AT OUR  
WEEKLY POKER  
GAME.

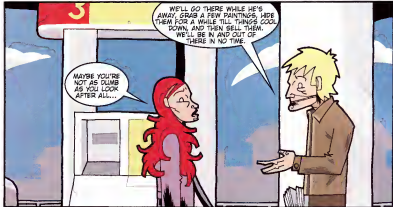












A WEEK WENT BY AND THEN THE DAY CAME...

KROLL'S GETTING INTO HIS CAR. IN A FEW MINUTES THAT CREEP WILL BE ON HIS WAY TO NEW YORK.

IT TAKES AT LEAST AN HOUR AND A HALF TO GET TO THE CITY, PLUS WITH THE TRAFFIC AT THIS HOUR, YOU CAN ADD AT LEAST ANOTHER HALF HOUR.

ACCORDING TO THE ART GALLERY, THE OPENING PARTY SHOULD GO ON PAST MIDNIGHT. SO WE'RE LOOKING AT FOUR OR FIVE HOURS AT LEAST.

LET'S WAIT A COUPLE OF HOURS, THEN WE'LL MAKE OUR MOVE.

I'M SCARED.

THAT'S ASSUMING THAT HE DOESN'T STAY AT A HOTEL IN NEW YORK FOR THE NIGHT. BUT WE CAN'T COUNT ON THAT.

THINK ABOUT FLORIDA.

TWO HOURS LATER.

WE'RE IN HIS  
BACKYARD!  
WE'RE HALFWAY  
THERE

HEY, KEEP  
YOUR SHIRT ON,  
TOM CRUISE--THIS  
ISN'T MISSION  
IMPOSSIBLE!

NOW REMEMBER,  
YOU'RE STANDING  
WATCH OUTSIDE.  
CALL ME ON YOUR CELL  
IF THERE ARE ANY SIGNS  
OF TROUBLE.

OKAY.

MIKE PRIE'S OPEN A WINDOW AND LOWERS  
HIMSELF INTO HIS NEIGHBOR'S BASEMENT.

LOOK AT ALL  
THIS JUNK, IT LOOKS  
LIKE A RUMMAGE  
SALE AT STEPHEN  
KING'S HOUSE.

IN ANOTHER ROOM.

PAY DIRT! IT'S A TREASURE TROVE! THERE'S ENOUGH HERE TO PAY FOR OUR RETIREMENT A HUNDRED TIMES OVER!

MIKE EAGERLY GRABS AS MANY PAINTINGS AS HE CAN CARRY AND RETURNS TO HIS HOUSE...

LOOK AT THEM! THEY'RE THE LIGHTEST THINGS YOU'VE EVER SEEN AND WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT. WE DID IT!

NOT YET! I'M GOING BACK AND MAKING ANOTHER RUN!

BUT WE'VE GOT PLENTY HERE!

I'LL JUST GET A FEW MORE. I'M TELLING YOU HE HAS A WHOLE BASEMENT FULL OF THEM!





I DON'T LIKE IT. IT'S TOO RISKY! WE HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH! DON'T GET GREEDY!

YOU THINK TOO SMALL. WAIT HERE, I'LL BE BACK IN TEN MINUTES.



BACK AT KROLL'S HOUSE...

DON'T MOVE OR I'LL SHOOT YOU!

KROLL?! BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE GALLERY IN NEW YORK!



WHEN THE HOUSE ALARM WENT OFF IN MY CAR I HAD TO COME BACK AND INVESTIGATE--WELL, WELL IF IT ISN'T MY NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR!

LOOK, UM, I CAN EXPLAIN...





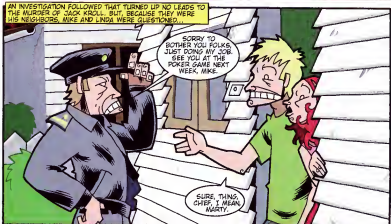
AFTER GETTING BACK TO HIS HOUSE, MIKE TOLD LINDA WHAT HAPPENED. THEN HE SHOWERED, CHANGED CLOTHES, AND TOGETHER, THEY GOT INTO THEIR CAR AND DROVE TO THEIR STORAGE UNIT OUTSIDE OF THE NEXT TOWN...



A FEW DAYS LATER, THE OWNER OF THE NEW YORK ART GALLERY CALLED THE CRANWELL POLICE TO REPORT THAT THEY HAD BEEN UNABLE TO REACH KROLL. THE POLICE CHECKED KROLL'S HOUSE AND FOUND HIS BODY...



AN INVESTIGATION FOLLOWED THAT TURNED UP NO LEADS TO THE MURDER OF JACK KROLL. BUT, BECAUSE THEY WERE HIS NEIGHBORS, MIKE AND LINDA WERE QUESTIONED...



A YEAR WENT BY, AND LIFE WENT ON IN THE TOWN OF CRANWELL, AND PEOPLE FORGOT ABOUT THE ARTIST WHO WAS MURDERED, BUT THERE WERE TWO PEOPLE WHO DID NOT FORGET...

ACCORDING TO THIS WEBSITE, NOW THAT KROLL'S BEEN DEAD FOR A YEAR, THE VALUE OF HIS PAINTINGS HAVE GONE UP A LOT.

NOW'S THE TIME TO SELL! I'VE GOT ART DEALERS IN THREE STATES THAT HAVE EXPRESSED INTEREST IN BUYING HIS PICTURES.



THAT NIGHT, MIKE AND LINDA DROVE TO THEIR STORAGE UNIT TO RETRIEVE SOME OF JACK KROLL'S PAINTINGS...

LUCKILY, THIS STORAGE FACILITY HAS TWENTY-FOUR HOUR ACCESS.

I DON'T LIKE COMING HERE AT NIGHT. IT'S SPOOKY. WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

PROBABLY SOMEONE GOING TO THEIR OWN STORAGE SPACE.



WHAT'S THAT HORRIBLE SMELL?

WHO CARES? JUST HELP ME LOAD THESE PAINTINGS INTO THE TRUNK.



BUT BEFORE MIKE AND LINDA COULD TAKE ANY MORE OF THE PAINTINGS OUT, THEY HEARD THE SOUND OF SOMETHING SCRAPING AGAINST THE ASPHALT ON THE GROUND, AND THEN THAT TERRIBLE SMELL SUDDENLY GOT MUCH, MUCH WORSE...

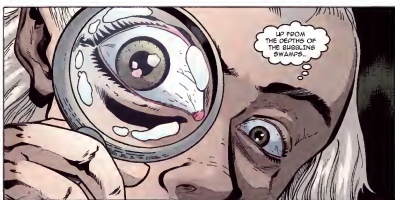
AND THE OTHERS... THAT BLUE DRESS... THE STRIPED SHIRT... THEY'RE KROLL'S MODELS!!

OH, MY LORD! ZCHOKEK CORPSES! JUST LIKE THE ONES IN KROLL'S PAINTINGS! ONLY THESE ARE REAL! AND THAT ONE IS DRESSED IN KROLL'S CLOTHES!

MIK EXES

THE NEXT DAY THE POLICE FOUND MIKE AND LINDA DEAD. THEY'D BOTH HAD HEART ATTACKS. THE ODDS OF THAT HAPPENING, ACCORDING TO THE MEDICAL EXAMINER, WERE ASTRONOMICAL. THE PAINTINGS WERE RECOVERED, AND SENT TO JACK KROLL'S ONLY LIVING RELATIVE; AN OLD AUNT, WHOM, FOR SOME REASON, THOUGHT THEY WERE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THINGS SHE'D EVER SEEN.









TOMMY!

ARE YOU STILL  
PLAYING WITH  
THOSE HORRIBLE  
DOLLS?

YOU'RE  
GONNA BE LATE  
FOR WORK!



THEY AREN'T  
DOLLS, MOM!



THEY'RE FULLY-  
POSSIBLE, MICRO-  
ARTICULATED ACTION  
FIGURES!

AND I WASN'T  
EVEN LOOKING  
AT 'EM!



TOMMY DONALLEY, YOU'RE SONNA LOSE YOUR JOB OVER DOLLS?!

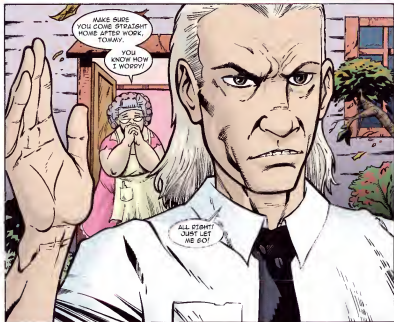
WHATEVER! I'M NOT EVEN LATE!



THEY WOULDN'T FIRE ME ANYWAY.

MACMILLAN WOULD TOTALLY CLOSE IF I WASN'T THERE!

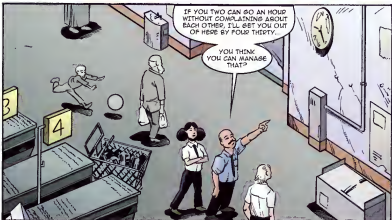
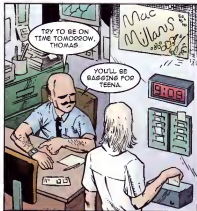
OH, YOU SOUND JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER RIGHT BEFORE HE LOST EVERY JOB HE EVER HAD. GOD REST HIS SOUL!



MAKE SURE YOU COME STRAIGHT HOME AFTER WORK, TOMMY.

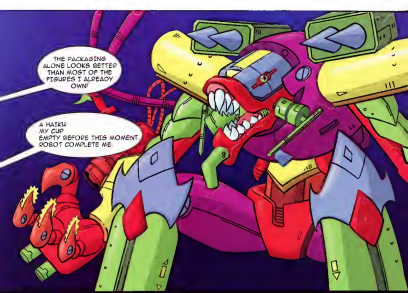
YOU KNOW HOW I WORRY!

ALL RIGHT! JUST LET ME GO!









THE PACKAGING  
ALONE LOOKS BETTER  
THAN MOST OF THE  
FIGURES I ALREADY  
OWN!

A HAIKU  
MY CUP  
EMPTY BEFORE THIS MOMENT  
ROBOT COMPLETE ME



YIKES!

AH, I SEE YOU'VE  
FOUND OUR LATEST  
IMPORT PIECE

EXQUISITE  
ISN'T IT?

IT'S OKAY IF YOU  
ARE INTO FOREIGN  
STUFF, I GUESS

IS IT  
ON SALE?



UH, NO.

PROBABLY BETTER  
IF WE DONT HANDLE IT.  
SERIOUS COLLECTORS WILLINS  
TO DROP A HUNDRED BUCKS ON  
& PIECE LIKE THIS ARE PICKY  
ABOUT CONDITION

I CAN FIND A  
DOZEN OF THESE  
ONLINE FOR  
HALF THAT!

BE MY GUEST

I'LL BE PRICING  
UP YO-SI-MON CARDS  
IF YOU NEED ANY  
MORE HELP.

BUT LATER THAT  
NIGHT...

I CAN'T EVEN  
FIND A PICTURE  
OF IT!

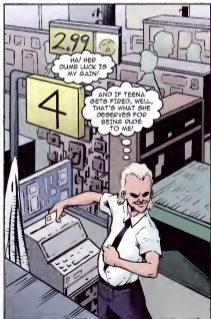
WHY DIDN'T  
I ASK HIM WHAT  
THE STUPID THING  
WAS CALLED?

TOMMY! I THOUGHT I TOLD  
YOU TO GO TO BED!

I WON'T  
SLEEP  
A WINK  
IF I HAVE  
TO WORRY  
ABOUT WHAT  
YOU ARE UP  
TO DOWN  
HERE!









ARE YOU HOME FROM WORK, TOMMY?

YEAH, MOM!



THE HOURS SEEM TO FLY BY AS THOMAS EXAMINES HIS ILL-GOTTEN GAIN UNTIL...

DAMN I'M TOO TIRED TO KEEP MY EYES FOCUSED ANY LONGER




JUST ONE MORE DAY OF WORK TO GET THROUGH AND THEN I'LL HAVE THE WEEKEND TO LOOK AT IT AS MUCH AS I LIKE

NO NEED TO BE GOODEY. I'VE GOT MY WHOLE LIFE LEFT TO ENJOY IT.







EVEN IF THE  
DRAGON'S HOARD WILL GIVE  
ME HALF OF WHAT I PAID FOR  
THAT IMPORT FIGURE, I STILL  
WON'T HAVE ENOUGH TO PAY  
MACMILLANS BACK BY  
TOMORROW!

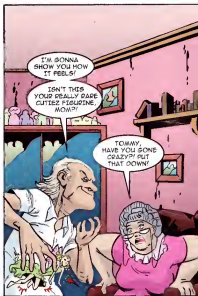
WAYRE  
THEY'LL BUY  
SOME OF  
MY OTH-



ESP!



NOOOOOOOOOO!





**KRASSSHH**



HEY, WHAT'S THAT?!











YOU BROUGHT THEM TO LIFE SOMEHOW!

HOW COULD YOU TURN MY OWN FOLLY-POSESSIBLE, MICRO-ARTICULATED ACTION FIGURES AGAINST ME?



GOOD LORD! NO! NOOOOOO!



Translation:  
"SUPER EVIL DEMON ROBOT!  
"COMES TO LIFE!  
"WRECKS YOUR HOME!  
"NOW 250% MORE CURSED!"



"FOR SERIOUS  
COLLECTORS ONLY"

250%呪いレベルUP!

THE END

HAI HAI HAI! TOMMY GOT MORE ACTION FROM HIS FULLY-POSEABLE, MICRO-ARTICULATED FIGURES THAN HE BARBAINED FOR!

KLIK  
KLIK

SEE, KIDDES—  
ALWAYS BE SURE  
TO READ THE LABELS!  
OR DO YOU JUST  
THINK THAT'S JUST  
A CROC-O-ZOID?

SERIOUS COLLECTORS ARE NOT  
TO BE TRIFLED WITH! THAT'S WHY  
WHEN I LIST MY WORTHLESS JUNK  
ON ZEEKDAY...

...I MAKE SURE TO ACCURATELY DEGRADE! AFTER  
ALL, IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU LEARN IN A CRYPT,  
IT'S HOW TO GET YOUR COLLECTIBLES SLASGED! AND I  
CERTAINLY MADE SURE TO PACK EVERYTHING SECURELY!  
I FIND THAT PINE BOXES WORK BEST FOR ME—  
ALTHOUGH THE SHRED-EX GUY DOESN'T  
SEEM TO APPRECIATE IT!

THUMP  
KNOCK  
KNOCK

THUMP  
KNOCK  
KNOCK

SO, LET'S NOT WAIT  
A HALF CENTURY UNTIL WE  
MEET AGAIN! BE BACK IN JUST  
SIXTY DAYS FOR MORE TALES  
FROM THE CRYPT!

# The Return of **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**



**I**t's one of the biggest surprises in the world of comics and graphic novel publishing! Shortly before the 2007 New York Comic Con, Papercutz announced that we would be publishing all-new TALES FROM THE CRYPT comics. After more than 50 years, EC Comics' legendary flagship title returns with all-new shocking Suspense stories, narrated by the original Crypt-Keeper, Old Witch, and Vault Keeper. Each issue will feature two 20-page tales of terror in the EC tradition!

Reactions ranged from excitement—from fans thrilled to see the most famous horror comicbook ever return after over fifty years, to shock—that it was to be coming from a publisher primarily known for its graphic novels such as Nancy Drew and The Hardy Boys which contain material suitable for all-ages, as the HBO TALES FROM THE CRYPT series certainly contained a fair amount of adult content.

"People forget that the original TALES FROM THE CRYPT comicbook, published by the EC Comics back in the 50s, was also intended for all-ages, and its primary readership was young boys," Papercutz Editor-in-Chief Jim Salicrup is quick to point out. But that may be exactly what fans find so controversial. The original TALES FROM THE CRYPT comics, featuring stories dreamed up by EC publisher William M. Gaines and his editor Al Feldstein, and drawn by Feldstein, as well as Graham Ingles, Jack Davis, Jack Kamen, Joe Orlando, Wally Wood, Harvey Kurtzman, Bill Elder, Reed Crandall, Johnny Craig, Al Williamson, George Evans, and colored by Marie Severin, started a horror comics craze that soon drew the attention of psychiatrist Dr. Frederick Wertham.

Wertham reacted to horror comics' popularity with children by writing a book called "Seduction of the Innocent," which maintained that comics led to juvenile delinquency and even worse behavior. Parents were understandably alarmed, and soon the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency was taking a hard look at comicbooks. EC Comics publisher Bill Gaines spoke before the Subcommittee, but was unable to convince them that his comics were entertaining stories told in good taste. Ultimately, comicbook publishers adversely affected by the negative publicity created the Comics Magazine Association of America which would review comics and award a seal of approval to assure parents that the comic's contents were safe, wholesome entertainment.

Unfortunately, it was too late for many publishers, as the negative publicity had so hurt sales of comics that many comicbook companies went out of business. EC Comics, tried to hang in there, but despite canceling their horror comics, and creating new titles such as "Valor" and "Psychoanalysis," only MAD comics, in a new magazine format, survived.

The question is, was TALES FROM CRYPT really all that bad? "Of course not!" Salicrup insists. "Ironically, many of the original stories would be approved by today's revised Comics Code, but sure, there were some stories that still wouldn't get by. The point here is that the stories that Papercutz will be creating will be aimed at readers age 10 and up. Instead of excessive blood and gore, we'll be sticking to the TALES FROM THE CRYPT tradition of stories filled with interesting characters, lots of dark humor, and of course, the trademarked EC "shock" endings!"

But ultimately it's you who will decide if we succeeded or failed. Send your comments to us at [salicrup@papercutz.com](mailto:salicrup@papercutz.com) or to THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER, PAPER CUTZ, 40 Exchange Place, Ste. 1308, New York, NY 10005. We'll run the most interesting comments in our next issue, which is coming your way in just 60 days.

When reached for comment, The Crypt-Keeper said, "It's good to be back, boils and ghouls—and it's about time! Ahahahaha!"

TEROR



PAPERBACK®  
NO. 2  
ALL-NEW!

# TALES



\$3.95  
\$4.95 CAN

## FROM THE

# CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELCOME TO MY "OPEN CRYPT"  
BOILS AND GHOULS! SINCE SHIPPING  
OUT THE OLD WITCH AND THE VAULT-  
KEEPER I'VE BEEN LOOKING TO RENT  
OUT MY FOMS-MITH-A-VIEW!

MY ONLINE POST ON CRAZED'S LIST HAS  
GOTTEN TERRIFIC RESULTS! JUST LOOK AT  
ALL THESE APPLICANTS DYING TO RENT  
SPACE IN MY COZY CRYPT!  
REMINDS ME OF A  
TALE I CALL...

*The*  
**TENANT**



NUMBER 613 1869 AVENUE HAS BEEN GETTING DAYS.

THROUGH GRIMY WINDOWS, ITS TENANTS WATCH SNOWFLAKES COVER THE STREETS WITH A FINE WHITE COAT, KNOWING THAT THE SNOW HEADS A COLD THAT WON'T BE HELD BACK BY SHODDY INSULATION AND IRREGULAR BLASTS OF HEAT.

YES, LIFE AT 613 1869 AVENUE IS HARD IF YOU ASK ANYONE... ANYONE EXCEPT JAMES WINCHELL, ITS CHEAPSKATE LANDLORD.

'EY! WHEN YOU SONNA FIXXA HEAT? AN'T BEEN WOOKIN' FOR DAYS!

---TWO-YEAR LEASE AND YOU WANT TO RAISE US BY THIRTY PER-CENT?

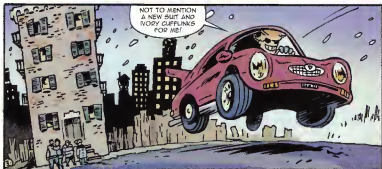
WISTER WINCHELL! WE BEEN WAITN' ONNA NEW FROBE FOR A WEEK!

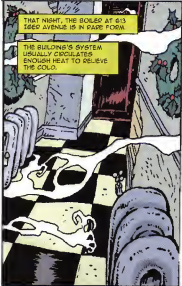
PEOPLE--









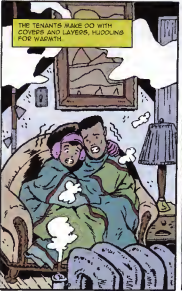


THAT NIGHT, THE BOILER AT 813  
ISED AVENUE IS IN PAPE FORM.


THE BUILDING'S SYSTEM  
USUALLY CIRCULATES  
ENOUGH HEAT TO RELIEVE  
THE COLO.




WAYNE WINCHELL'S  
PROSTY OSEANOP IS  
STILL IN THE AIR BECAUSE  
NO MATTER HOW MUCH  
THE DICKETY BOILER TRIES  
THE TENANTS CAN'T GET  
RID OF THE MIDNIGHT  
CHILL.



THE TENANTS MAKE DO WITH  
COVERS AND LAYERS, HULLDING  
FOR WARMTH.



BUT NO AMOUNT OF BLANKETS  
CAN SAVE MRS. EUGENIA P. WILKES  
IN APARTMENT 9-B.



IN THE MORNING, SOMEBODY  
CALLS THE PARAMEDICS.



THE PARAMEDICS, IN  
TURN, CALL THE POLICE.

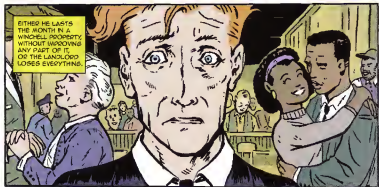
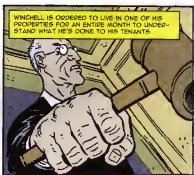
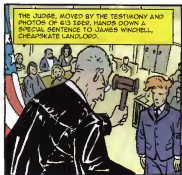
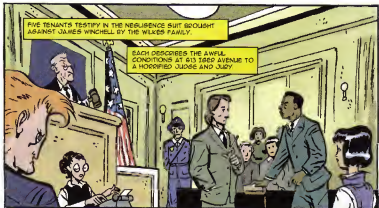


THE POLICE  
CALL ON  
MRS WILKES'  
GRANDSON.



AND AFTER AN  
APPROPRIATE AMOUNT  
OF GRIEVING, MRS  
WILKES' GRANDSON  
CALLS HIS LAWYER.

613  
IGER  
AVENUE





AS BAD AS 613 EBER  
AVENUE IS, THE BUILDING  
DOESN'T COMPARE TO  
NUMBER 666 COLT STREET.

POORLY MANAGED, THE  
TWO-FAMILY BROOKLYN  
HOME IS BROKEN AND  
NEGLECTED--

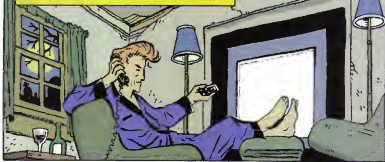
--INCLUDING THE ADJACENT CEMETERY, FORGOTTEN  
BY BUSY RELATIVES AND AVOIDED BY LOCAL GANGS.



NO, AS BAD AS 613  
EBER IS, FRIENDS  
666 COLT STREET  
IS FAR, FAR WORSE

THE BUILDING IS CURRENTLY EMPTY, AND JAMES WINCHELL IS PROUD THAT HE CONVINCED THE COURT TO INSTALL HIM IN HIS ONLY PROPERTY THAT HAS NO TENANTS

DESPITE ORDERS NOT TO IMPROVE THE PROPERTY, HE MOVES IN WITH STATE-OF-THE-ART SADDLETS AND SEVERAL SPACE HEATERS, AND AS SUCH HIS FIRST FEW DAYS ARE A BREEZE



BUT ON THE THIRD NIGHT

ZZZZZT\*\*\*



COLD COLD COLD COLD COLD COLD...!

MUST'VE BLOWN A FUSE.



OKAY, BOILER BOILER WHERE'S THE BOILER?

HOW HARD CAN IT BE TO GET SOME HEAT GOING? IF CAVEMEN CAN DO IT WITH TWO STICKS, I'M SURE I CAN DO IT

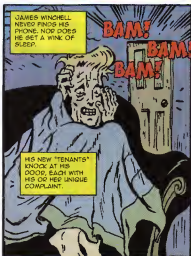


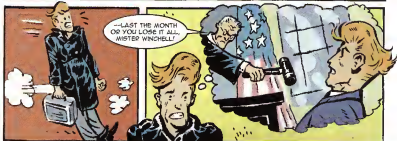






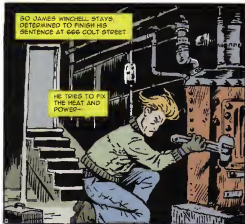






SO JAMES WINCHELL STAYS,  
DETERMINED TO FINISH HIS  
SENTENCE AT 666 COLT STREET.

HE TRIES TO FIX  
THE HEAT AND  
POWER—



BUT THE BUILDING IS  
IN SUCH DISREPAIR  
THAT NOTHING WORKS.



AND AS NIGHT FALLS AND  
BRINGS THE WINTER CHILL...



...ANOTHER OF WINCHELL'S  
TENANTS ARRIVES WITH A  
COMPLAINT.

HELLOP  
MISTEP  
WINCHELLP

**NER  
NOK  
NOK**













AND SO JAMES WINCHELL CLEANS  
AND JAMES WINCHELL FIXES

HE REPAINTS HEADSTONES, TILLS  
MOSS AND CLEANS EACH GRAVE



HE CLEANS EACH GRAVE AND HOPES THAT  
HIS TENANTS WILL LEAVE HIM BE



A MONTH GOES  
BY AND JAMES  
WINCHELL RE-  
TURNS TO HIS  
COMFORTABLE  
LIFE AND FANCY  
APARTMENT...



BUT EACH  
MORNING HE  
RETURNS TO  
666 COLT  
STREET TO FIX  
THE PLOTS,  
MORSES AND  
CRYPTS

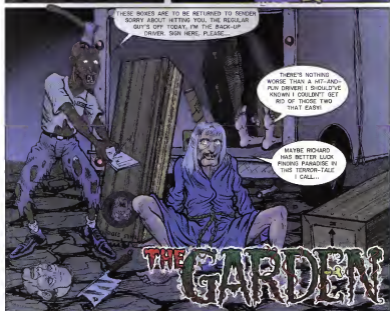


EACH DAY THE LINE BLENDS A LITTLE MORE BETWEEN TENANT  
AND LANDLORD AS JAMES WINCHELL ASSUMES HIS FATE  
AS ROTH CARETAKER AND LANDLORD TO THE DEAD.

AND SO WE LEAVE JAMES WINCHELL, CHEAPSKATE LANDLORD OF 613 ISER AVENUE AND 686 COLT STREET, MAKING UP FOR A LIFETIME OF POOR CARPETAKING BY FINALLY LEARNING TO DO IT PROPERLY, DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT...

...BECAUSE IF HE DOESN'T, LIKE MANY OF HIS PROPERTIES, HE'LL NEVER AGAIN SEE BETTER DAYS.






A man with a large nose and a wide, toothy grin, wearing a dark suit and tie, is shown from the side, reaching for the handle of a large, ornate metal gate. The gate is made of silver-colored metal with decorative scrollwork and pointed finials. The background shows a lush green landscape with trees and a large, classical-style building in the distance under a blue sky with some clouds.

THE GATE DOESN'T CREAK  
WHEN YOU OPEN IT. FOR  
SOME REASON THIS FACT  
LEAPS OUT AT YOU AS  
SOON AS YOU ARRIVE,  
DOESN'T IT, RICHARD?

THE HINGES ARE WELL  
OILED, A FRESH COAT  
OF PAINT GLISTENS,  
AND THERE'S NOT A  
SPOT OF RUST ON IT.

A close-up of the man's face, showing his large nose and wide, toothy grin. He is looking towards the right. In the background, there is a tree with large, round, orange-brown fruits hanging from its branches. The scene is set outdoors with green foliage and a brick path.

THE SWEETNESS OF WILDFLOWERS  
GOBBING IN THE SUN TICKLE YOUR  
NOSE. THE CHIRPINS OF TINY SONG-  
BIRDS COMFORTS YOUR EARS.

THE TREE BOWS,  
THEY DROOP WITH  
FRUIT.



MORE SUCULENT THAN ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER TASTED BEFORE.

THICK CURLS OF SARAPINEES SWOOPED THE SURROUNDING WALLS, RIPE FOR THE VINEYARD.



JUST AS THEY SAID, PUNING WATER GURPLES EVERYWHERE.

FOR YOU, THAT WAS ONE OF THE SELLING POINTS OF THE PLACE.



YES, EVERYTHING IN THIS GARDEN, YOUR GARDEN, CONFORMS PRECISELY TO YOUR SPECIFICATIONS.

EVEN THOUGH YOU'VE NEVER LAID EYES ON IT BEFORE.

YOU TOOK THE BUS  
TO YOUR NEW HOME.



YOU PACKED LIGHTLY  
FOR THE TRIP



YOU HAD PLANNED FOR THE JOURNEY FOR  
WEEKS, MADE ALL OF THE ARRANGEMENTS, SET  
THE AFFAIRS OF YOUR OLD LIFE IN ORDER.



BUT STILL WHEN THE MOMENT OF DEPARTURE  
WAS SET RIGHT BEFORE YOU, WHERE  
YOU COULD SEE IT PLAIN.











YOU'VE HAD SUCH A LONG JOURNEY GETTING HERE, RICHARD. LET ME MASSAGE YOUR FEET.

NO FAIR! I WANTED HIS FEET. I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH THE SHOULDERS.

IT'D BE AN HONOR TO POUR YOU SOME WINE, RICHARD.

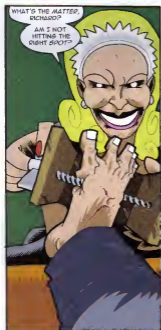


IN YOUR OLD LIFE, YOU NEVER COULD HAVE AFFORDED SERVANTS.

BUT ALL THAT TOIL AND UNCERTAINTY IS FINALLY BEHIND YOU!



FROM NOW ON, EACH MOMENT TO THE NEXT WILL BE FILLED WITH NOTHING BUT...







DIDN'T THINK SO!



IT'S EVEN MORE PAINFUL THAN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE WHICH YOU DIDN'T THINK POSSIBLE

JABBED GLASS CUTTING, SLICING, TEARING...



YOUR THROBBING FEET SLAP AND SLIDE AND SKID ON THE SUDDEN SLICKNESS OF THE FLOOR!

YOUR PUMPS, HOWEVER ARE NOT SO HINDERED



THIS IS NO TIME TO CATCH YOUR BREATH, RICHARD! YOU CAN HEAR THE CRUNCHING OF THEIR HEAVY BOOTS ON THE GLASS RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

KEEP RUNNING, RICHARD!

DON'T STOP...









AND WHAT THEY ASKED IN RETURN WAS SO VERY SIMPLE

AND YOU HELD UP YOUR SIDE OF THE BARGAIN TO A T!

SO WHY IS THE OUTCOME SO...CONTRARY TO EXPECTATIONS?









ESCAPE? THAT'S ALL THAT BURNS  
IN YOUR BRAIN NOW!

YOUR DREAMS OF  
LUXURY--FORGOTTEN!

PAST GLORIES--  
CRUMBLING INTO DUST!



NO! THE GATE, WHICH OPENED SO SMOOTHLY  
AND QUIETLY WHEN YOU FIRST ARRIVED, IS  
LOCKED FIRMLY SHUT NOW.

...AND WILL NOT BUDGE, GATTLING HOLLOWLY  
NO MATTER HOW FEROCIOUSLY YOU SHAKE,  
MOCKING YOUR SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART!



YOU HAD NO SUCH CHANGE OF  
HEART ONCE YOU WERE ACTUALLY  
ON THE BUS, THOUGH, DID YOU,  
RICHARD?

NO...YOUR NEW FRIENDS HELPED  
YOU MAKE THE VIDEO THE NIGHT  
BEFORE, THE ONE WHERE YOU  
TOLD THE NEWS MEDIA...

...AS WELL AS YOUR PARENTS, WHO NEVER QUITE UNDERSTOOD YOU, THE GIRLFRIENDS WHO DRIFTED AWAY FROM YOU AND YOUR COLDNESS...



THE NEIGHBORS WHO SHUNNED YOU AS SOME KIND OF WEIRDO...THE CO-WORKERS, THE BOSS WHO NEVER SAW YOU AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN A FACELESS COP...

...ALL THE WAY UP TO THE POLITICIANS AND THE GENERALS, THEIR HANDS DRIPPING WITH THE BLOOD OF INNOCENTS

...THE PURVEYORS OF SHIT THAT PASSES FOR ENTERTAINMENT THESE DAYS...



...YOU TOLD THEM ALL IN YOUR VIDEO, DIDN'T YOU, RICHARD? YOU TOLD THEM THE COMMITMENT YOU HAD MADE!

SO YOU COULDN'T LET YOURSELF BE ARRESTED, NOW COULD YOU, BEFORE YOUR TASK WAS COMPLETED? WITH THAT VIDEO AS CONCRETE EVIDENCE OF YOUR FAILURE?

THE REVELATION WOULD BE WORSE THAN ANYTHING YOU COULD IMAGINE--



--THE SHARE THAT YOU HAD ROTTED THE ONE, SIMPLE DUTY YOUR NEW FRIENDS, YOUR FELLOW WARRIORS HAD ENTRUSTED YOU WITH--



--TO BECOME A  
SUICIDE BOMBER?





APPARENTLY NOT.

FOR THEY'RE HERE. THEY'RE ALL HERE, RICHARD.



...EVERY SINGLE PERSON YOU MURDERED ON THAT BUS IS HERE, RICHARD.



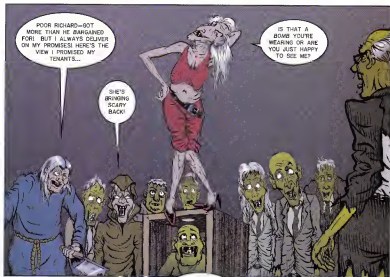
AND BECAUSE ALL THE WOUNDS YOU RECEIVE WILL QUICKLY HEAL, THEY CAN SHOW YOU HOW GRATEFUL THEY ARE TO YOU FOR SENDING THEM HERE.



FOREVER









PAPERBACK  
NO. 3  
ALL-NEW!



\$3.95  
\$4.95 CAN

TERROR

# TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



**A MURDERIN' IDOL!**  
AS NOT SEEN ON TV!

\$3.95US \$4.95CAN



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IT'S A RUFFY TENEMENT  
BUT A WANNABE SUPER-  
STAR HAS OVERLOOKED

I'M HERE AT  
THE FIRST DAY OF  
TRYOUTS FOR NEXT  
SEASON'S EDITION OF  
POPSTAR IDOL--

OH, NO! WHY  
DIDN'T YOU WAKE  
ME UP? YOU KNEW  
I WANTED TO BE  
THERE, BLOORN!

--AS YOU CAN  
SEE, THE CROWD IS  
IMMENSE! MANY HAVE  
BEEN IN LINE FOR DAYS  
TO GET THEIR CHANCE TO  
AUDITION FOR THE  
HIT SHOW!



OH, JAYSAN! LOOK  
HOW MANY PEOPLE  
ARE THERE! YOU  
WOULDN'T HAVE  
A CHANCE OF  
GETTING IN!

I'VE GOT TO TRY! THIS  
IS MY BIG CHANCE TO  
BE A SUPERSTAR!



I KNOW I'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO  
BE THE NEXT IDOL! EVEN THOUGH I  
HAVEN'T SUNG PROFESSIONALLY, I'VE  
GOT THE LOOKS, THE MOVES AND  
AN INCREDIBLE SINGING  
VOICE!

MY MOM  
TOLD ME  
SO!

YOU  
SHOULD BE  
LOOKING FOR  
A REAL JOB  
INSTEAD OF  
LIVING IN YOUR  
FANTASY  
WORLD!





DEJECTED BUT DETERMINED,  
THE POTENTIAL POPSTAR  
WANDERS BACK HOME...

DARN IT! I'M GONNA GET  
IN LINE LATER TONIGHT TO  
MAKE SURE I GET IN! I'D  
SELL MY SOUL TO GET  
ON THAT SHOW!



PREOCCUPIED WITH HIS THOUGHTS, HE  
DOESN'T NOTICE A LARGE ROCK  
BLOCKING HIS PATH AND STUMBLES OVER IT...



WHAT TH---? WHERE DID  
THAT DARN THING COME  
FROM?



BOOK OF  
DREAM FULFILLMENT?  
THIS THING LOOKS  
ANCIENT AS  
HELL!



LITTLE REALIZING HOW TRUE HIS STATEMENT IS, HE FLIPS THROUGH THE TOME...

IT'S IN SOME WEIRD LANGUAGE... THOUGH I'M STARTING TO UNDERSTAND IT!



I GUESS IT IS IN ENGLISH AFTER ALL! IT LOOKED FOREIGN AT FIRST, BUT NOW I CAN READ IT! IT'S SOME SORT OF BOOK OF MAGIC SPELLS THAT CAN MAKE ANY WISH COME TRUE!

WELL, I DON'T NEED IT! I HAVE ALL THE RAW TALENT I NEED TO MAKE MY DREAMS COME TRUE!



HOWEVER, IT COULDN'T HURT TO HAVE A LITTLE HELP, I GUESS!



JAYSAN TAKES THE BOOK HOME, AND WHILE GLORIA IS AT WORK, HE PORES THROUGH ITS PRIMITIVE, YELLOWED PAGES...

ACCORDING TO THIS, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SCRIBBLE SOME STRANGE DOODLES ON THE FLOOR AND PERFORM SOME SORT OF ~~SUB~~ SACRIFICE!



COPYING THE ARCAINE FIGURES FROM THE BOOK, HE CONTEMPLATES HIS NEXT STEP...

I'M SUPPOSED TO GIVE A BLOOD OFFERING TO SUMMON A DEMON TO GRANT MY WISH. B-BUT I CAN'T KILL SOMETHING... OR CAN I? I'VE GOT TO WIN ON POPSTAR IDOL!



PLACING A MOUSETRAP ON THE RUINE, HE LOADS IT WITH HEAPS OF PEANUT BUTTER...

GLORIA'S BEEN BUBBLING ME ABOUT GETTING RID OF THE MICE IN THE APARTMENT, SO I'LL MAKE HER WISH COME TRUE, TOO!



HIDING IN THE SHADOWS, JAYSAN DOESN'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG...

HA! IT WORKED!  
NOW WHAT?!



BEFORE HIS ASTONISHED EYES, THE DEAD MOUSE IS CONSUMED IN FLAMES AND A STRANGE SMOKE RISES WITH AN OFFENSIVE SULFURIC SMELL!









AND TRUE TO THE DEMON'S PROMISE, JAYBAN AUDITIONS BEFORE **SLYMON BOWELL**, **APPAULA O'DOUL**, AND **RENELL JAXON**!





PULLING FREE FROM JAYSAN, STORIA  
SLIPS ON SOME SOAPY WATER AND...



OH NO! STORIA!  
ARE YOU OKAY?!



THERE IS NO RESPONSE AS HER  
LIFELESS BODY STARTS TO IGNITE  
ON TOP THE DEMONIC SYMBOLS!



A BIGGER  
DEMON!

YOU  
SUMMONED ME?  
WHAT IS YOUR  
WISH?







—AND FOR THE FIRST TIME  
FACING ELIMINATION, JAYSAN!

WHAT?!

IT CAN'T BE! I  
CAN'T LOSE! I  
JUST CAN'T!



GEORGE, YOU'RE  
SAFE! NOW IT'S DOWN TO  
RETHA AND JAYSAN!  
WHO WILL BE GOING  
HOME TONIGHT?



JAYSAN, YOU...  
YOU ARE COMING  
BACK NEXT  
WEEK!

**JAYSAN!!!**





WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT, SLYMON?

UNBELIEVABLE! I'VE HEARD MORE MUSICAL-SOUNDING CAR ACCIDENTS!



IF THAT SLYMON BOWELL DIDN'T SLAG ME EACH WEEK, I'D HAVE MORE VOTES! HE'S OUT TO GET ME!



FOR NEXT WEEK'S SHOW, WE START PAIRING FINALISTS FOR DUETS. JAYSAN AND CEDRIC, YOU'LL START REHEARSING TOGETHER TOMORROW!

THAT LOSES! CEDRIC COULD CRAMP MY STYLE AND BRING ME DOWN WITH HIM!

GREAT!



THE COMPETITION IS PRETTY TIGHT ON THE SHOW THIS SEASON AND YOU ALMOST GOT THROWN OFF TONIGHT. DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU'LL WIN?

WHY, OF COURSE! I'VE GOT IN THE BAG!



BUT JAYSAN DOES  
HAVE HIS DOUBTS.

I'LL HAVE TO  
MAKE SURE I'LL  
MAKE ANOTHER  
OFFERING SO BIG  
I'LL HAVE  
TO WIN!



THE NEXT DAY AT REHEARSAL.

EVEN THOUGH  
IT'S EVERY MAN FOR  
HIMSELF, GOOD LUCK,  
JAYSAN! I--WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?

EQ, I'M  
AN ARTIST IN MY  
SPARE TIME AND THIS  
IS A GOOD LUCK  
SYMBOL I LIKE  
TO DRAW!



HEY, WHATEVER! IT'S  
KINDA ODD, BUT IF IT  
WORKS FOR YOU--





I KILLED HIM! AND THOSE  
FLAMES WILL CONSUME  
ALL EVIDENCE OF WHAT  
I DID!



WOW! THIS IS THE BIGGEST  
DEMON YET! HE'S SURE TO  
GRANT ME MY ULTIMATE  
WISH!

I WANT  
TO WIN POPSTAR  
IDOL!!!

NOT SO  
FAST!



THOUGH THIS MAY BE YOUR GREATEST  
OFFERING YET, IT IS STILL NOT ENOUGH!  
ALL I CAN GUARANTEE IS THAT YOU WILL  
BECOME A FINALIST. THE REST IS  
UP TO YOU!

WHAT DO I  
HAVE TO DO?  
MURDER THE WHOLE  
AUDIENCE?

**KNOCK  
KNOCK**



SORRY TO INTERRUPT...  
ISN'T CEDRIC HERE WITH  
YOU? AND WHAT'S THAT  
SMELL?

UM, NO, I HAVEN'T  
SEEN HIM, AND I'M  
AFRAID I HAVE  
A LITTLE GAS  
PROBLEM WHEN  
I'M NERVOUS!





ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE FINAL SHOW, JAYSAN ARRANGES A MEETING WITH SYMON.

THANKS FOR MEETING WITH ME. I KNOW YOU HAVEN'T MUCH BELIEF IN MY SINGSING ABILITY...

THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT!



NEVER HAVE I SEEN SOMEONE WITH SUCH AN ABYSMAL LACK OF TALENT SO SO FAR! THE VOTERS MUST BE MAD TO HAVE TAKEN YOU TO THIS LEVEL!



ACTUALLY I'VE HAD A LITTLE HELP...

I KNEW IT! SOME COMPUTER PROGRAM TO MANIPULATE THE PHONE SCORES? SAY, WHAT'S THIS THING SCRAWLED ON THE FLOOR?



THE THING THAT'S BEEN HELPING ME!

WHAT--P!







YES! I AM THE ULTIMATE DEMON! I HAVE USED MY POSITION OF PRODUCING TALENT SHOWS TO COLLECT NUMEROUS LOST SOULS!

NO! YOU YOU--



AND CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'VE WON THE COMPETITION--

AHHH!



NO! NOOOOO!

...YOU ARE NOW POPSTAR IDOL OF HELL WHERE YOU WILL PERFORM YOUR SPEAKING TO AN ADORING AUDIENCE... FOR ALL ETERNITY!!

THE END







NO! PLEASE!  
PLEASE! I'M  
BEGGING YOU!

DEDDICK! GIVE  
IT BACK! IT'S MY  
FAVORITE, MOST  
VALUABLE COMIC  
EVER!

BEWARE EVIL-  
DOERS! WE'RE  
COMING FOR  
YOU! THEN  
IT'LL BE  
JUST US!

WHAT COMIC?  
I DON'T SEE ANY  
COMIC! YOU MUST  
BE DREAMING!







RICO? Y-Y-  
YOU'RE HERE  
ALREADY?

YEAH.

IS MY  
MONEY HERE,  
TOO?



N-N-NOT YET  
BUT I'M ON MY WAY  
TO S-S-SELL THIS!

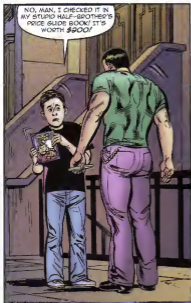
JUST US  
LEAGUE #1.  
BE NICE.



BUT THAT THING  
LOOKS LIKE IT'S  
BEEN READ  
A LOT.

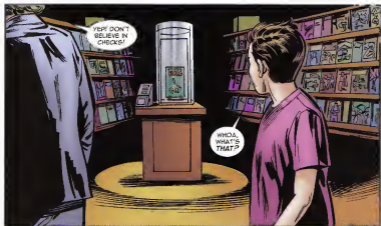
AIN'T WORTH SO  
MUCH IF IT'S BEEN  
READ A LOT, SOMETHING  
COMES OFF  
THE PRICE.

WHICH MEANS  
I MAY HAVE TO  
TAKE SOMETHING  
OFF YOU.







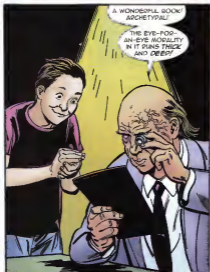








NOW LET'S  
HAVE A LOOK AT  
WHAT YOU'VE  
BROUGHT!



A WONDERFUL BOOK!  
ARCHETYPAL!

THE EYE-FOR-  
AN-EYE MORALITY  
IN IT RUNS THICK  
AND DEEP!



I'LL GIVE YOU  
FIVE BUCKS!

WHAT?  
BUT...BUT...



IT'S THE CONDITION!  
I'M SORRY, IT'S BEEN  
READ TOO OFTEN!

NOOD! I CAN'T  
GO BACK TO RICO  
WITH FIVE BUCKS!  
WHAT AM I  
SONNA DO?

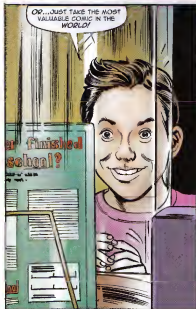


MUCH OF THE ENERGY HAS  
BEEN DRAINED!

IT'S PRACTICALLY  
USELESS TO ME!

YEAH? JUST LIKE  
YOU'RE USELESS  
TO ME!

**WHUD!  
WHUD!  
WHUD!**





GOOD THING YOU SHOWED ME HOW TO OPEN IT, HUH?

YOUR SECURITY BOX WON'T CARE IF YOUR FINGERPRINT'S ALIVE OR DEAD!



IN FACT, I BET NOBODY CARES IF YOU'RE ALIVE OR DEAD!



KATAI

SPACE COMMAND!

SAVING THE PLANET

WILD WEST

HERO

SCIENCE FICTION











IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!  
THAT WAS THE OLD  
MAN'S FACE!



IT'S SOME KIND  
OF TRICK!



THAT'S NOT A WALL!  
IT'S SOME KIND OF  
PLASTIC!





I MUST BE DREAMING!

ANY SECOND NOW, I'M GOING TO WAKE UP! I KNOW IT!

SOMEONE WAKE ME UP!

AFTER A LIFETIME OF COLLECTING HEROES, I FINALLY FIGURED IT WAS TIME TO COLLECT A FEW VILLAINS TO BALANCE THINGS!

I'D NO IDEA HOW EASY IT WOULD BE!

HA-HA-HA-HA!



NOT PLEASE!  
PLEASE! I'M  
BEGGING YOU!

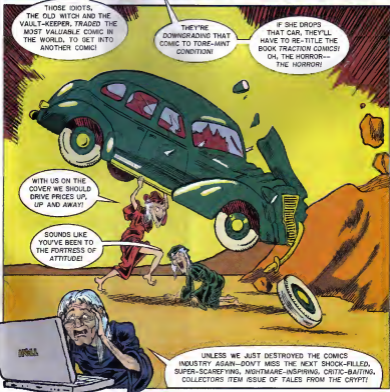
THE END



YOU KNOW, KIDDIES, IT'S JUVENILE DELINQUENTS SUCH AS DERRICK THAT GIVE COMICS A REALLY BAD NAME!

OH, NO! WHAT'S THIS?!

HELL



THOSE IDIOTS, THE OLD WITCH AND THE VAULT-KEEPER, TRADED THE MOST VALUABLE COMIC IN THE WORLD, TO GET INTO ANOTHER COMIC!

THEY'RE DOWNGRADING THAT COMIC TO TORE-MINT CONDITION!

IF SHE DROPS THAT CAR, THEY'LL HAVE TO RE-TITLE THE BOOK TRACTION COMICS! OH, THE HORROR-- THE HORROR!

WITH US ON THE COVER WE SHOULD DRIVE PRICES UP, UP AND AWAY!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN TO THE FORTRESS OF ATTITUDE!

UNLESS WE JUST DESTROYED THE COMICS INDUSTRY AGAIN--DON'T MISS THE NEXT SHOCK-FILLED, SUPER-SCAREFYING, NIGHTMARE-INSPIRING, CRITIC-BATTING, COLLECTORS ITEM ISSUE OF TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

TERROR



# TALES



NO. 4  
ALL-NEW!

FROM THE

# CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



NO! THIS  
CAN'T BE  
REAL!



# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELCOME TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR, HORROR FIENOSI! YES, IT'S ME AGAIN... THE CRYPT-KEEPER! BACK AGAIN TO HOST MY MAD-MAG, TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

NOW IT MAY LOOK LIKE I'VE HIT BOTTOM, LAYING HERE IN THIS GRUESOME OPEN GRAVE, BUT THE TERRIFYING TRUTH IS I'M REALLY BACK IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR. YOU'RE JUST LOOKING AT THE VIRTUAL CRYPT-KEEPER!

YOU SEE, I'VE JUST GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THE OLD WITCH AND THE VAULT-KEEPER! EVER SINCE THE UNSPEAKABLE HAPPENED BACK IN THE 50s, THOSE TWO HAVE BEEN BUZZING AROUND ME LIKE FLIES OVER A FRESH CORPSE! THEIR CONSTANT JIBBER-JABBER HAS DRIVEN ME TOO AN EARLY GRAVE!

WHICH REMINDS ME OF THIS FEAR-FABLE ABOUT A RATHER DESPICABLE CHARACTER CALLED STONY BLAKE, A DRUG DEALER WHO WAS WIRED FOR SOUND. CONFUSED? DON'T BE - SOON EVERYTHING WILL BE...

**CRYSTAL CLEAR**



FOR STONY BLAKE,  
LIFE WAS GOOD.

HE COULD BEAT ONE  
OF HIS CRYSTAL METH  
CUSTOMERS TO A PULP  
WHO OWED HIM MONEY--

--AND BROADCAST THE IMAGE TO HIS RIGHT-  
HAND STOUGE AND ENFORCER, CURLY.



NOW, DRUSSIE, I GAVE YOU SOME-THINGS TO BE REALLY PARANOID ABOUT.

STONY MADE A LOT OF CONTACTS FLYING HIS PLANE OVER BORDERS AND STATE LINES AND WHEN RETURNING TO HIS MID-WESTERN HOMETOWN, OVER FARMLANDS TRYING TO STAY ECONOMICALLY ALIVE.

GET WHAT YOU OWE ME, OR YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE ONLY GETTING HIT BY MY FISTS.

STAYING ALIVE ECONOMICALLY WASN'T A PROBLEM FOR A DRUG ENTREPRENEUR LIKE STONY, WHO LIVED MUCH OF HIS LIFE ON THE PHONE.

A MAN WHO KNEW A MAN WHO KNEW A WOMAN TOLD HIM THEY'D PERFECTED A CELLPHONE FOR PEOPLE TO HAVE THE ULTIMATE COMMUNICATION.

ONE-PHONE

CURLY, YOU CATCHING ALL THIS?

THEY'D CALLED IT NEURAL INTERFACING. IT WAS THE COMING THING.

YEAH... SORRY I COULDN'T BE THERE TO HELP YOU, STONY.

IMPLANTED COMMUNICATION DEVICES. CAPABLE OF TRANSMITTING AND RECEIVING AUDIO AS WELL AS VIDEO.

DON'T SWEAT IT, CURLY.

PERFECT FOR STONY. THE PHONE WAS HIS LIFELINE, DOING DEALS, LISTENING TO DESPERATE ADDICTS. THE LIVE ONES, OF COURSE. NOT THE DEAD ONES, LIKE DAMON.

**CRICK  
GRAM**

I DON'T MIND GETTING MY HANDS DIRTY

I HAVE TO HIGHTAL IT OVER TO THE FUNERAL FOR OUR "FRIEND" AND FORMER CUSTOMER, DAMON.

I HEAR HIS SISTER, NANCY LEE'S COME FROM THE BIG CITY TO SEE HER LITTLE BROTHER OFF.



STONY LOVED IT. HE DIDN'T HAVE TO FREEZE HIS FINGERS OFF IN THE COLD, HOLDING A CELL-PHONE TO HIS NUMB EAR.

KEEP TUNED, CLIPLY.

A PHONE CALL DIDN'T STOP HIM FROM USING HIS HANDS FOR WHATEVER ELSE HE MIGHT BE DOING AT A GIVEN MOMENT.

I SEE NANCY LEE NOW STILL LOOKING PRETTY GOOD.

WAY I REMEMBER HER--

--FROM WHEN SHE WAS GROWING INTO A WOMAN. I'LL TEACH YOU SOMETHING HERE.

STONY HAD THE STRAY THOUGHT THAT DAMON HAD HEARD VOICES IN HIS HEAD AT THE END, MAYBE SOME OF THE VOICES CRYSTAL METH-PEO--

--WITH PARANOID PHRASES AND FANTASIES BECOMING DRUG-FED REALITIES.

STONY WAS THE MASTER  
OF THE VOICES IN HIS HEAD.

HE DECIDED WHAT VOICES  
HE WOULD HEAR AND NOT HEAR,

WHAT HE WOULD SEE  
AND NOT SEE.

SEE YA,  
DAMON--HOPEFULLY  
NOT TOO SOON.



THE CONSPIRACIES,  
THE EPIDING SELF-ESTEEM, CONVINCING  
DAMON THAT PEOPLE DIDN'T LIKE HIM,  
WHEN IN FACT, MANY PEOPLE LOVED HIM--

--IN THE END, THE WETH-ENFLAED  
VOICES SCREAMED INCESSANTLY  
ALONG WITH DELUSIONAL NIGHTMARES  
IN DAMON'S HEAD--

STONY--OULD ENVISION  
DAMON'S EYE IN HOSE  
T DAYS BEFORE HE DIED)  
HEAR THE HUGGED  
WATE THE DE--NE  
TH'S LABLE YOING  
DESPAD FED BY  
PECS OF CRYSTAL  
LAD--FROM STONY,  
HAD MASTERED OICES



--UNTIL DAMON  
SILENCED THE  
VOICES BY ENDING  
HIS LIFE.





NANCY LEE, SO SAD WE HAVE TO MEET LIKE THIS. I'M SO SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS.

I'VE HEARD SO MANY STORIES ABOUT YOU, STONY. DOESN'T SOUND ANYTHING LIKE THE PERSON I GREW UP WITH.



SMALL TOWN FOLKS LIKE TO Gossip, YOU KNOW THAT.

WE, I HEARD YOU'D BECOME A NURSE. THAT TRUE?

YES.

SOME OF THESE DUMORS FLYING AROUND—  
—PEOPLE ARE FLAPPING THEIR GUMS THAT YOU'RE SELLING DRUGS.



I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW, I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT.

TELL YOU WHAT—

WHY DON'T YOU LET ME TAKE YOU OUT TO DINNER, AND WE'LL TALK ABOUT DAMON AND YOU AND ME AND OLD TIMES.



THE THREE OF US WERE SO CLOSE GROWING UP REMEMBER WHEN WE USED TO SWING ON THAT OLD SWING DOWN BY THE MARSH EVEN WHEN WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO.



YOU AND I DID A LOT OF THINGS WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO DO

WHY DON'T YOU COME SEE MY NEW SPREAD, NANCY LEE?



I THINK WE COULD BOTH STAND NOT BEING ALONE TONIGHT



STONY LOVES IT.

HE REVELS IN SHOWING NANCY LEE HOW FAR HE HAS COME. THE ACRES OF LAND. THE IMPOSING HOUSE. THE EXQUISITE TRAPPINGS.



THIS LL GIVE CURLY A THRILL.

MAKE HIM JEALOUS TO BEAT THE BAND.

LET ME HOLD YOU NANCY LEE. LET ME BE WITH YOU THE WAY WE WERE WHEN WE NEVER KNEW LIFE COULD GET SO HARD.



CLIK

?



STONY CAN'T QUITE  
FATHOM WHAT HAPPENED.

THERE WAS  
NANCY LEE'S  
WARMTH AND  
CLOSENESS—

—AND THEN  
COLD AND DARK.



WHAT IS THIS?  
HE CAN'T MOVE!

HE'S ON HIS OWN BED, AND  
HE CAN'T TWITCH A FINGER.  
MOVE AN ARM, MOVE A LEG.

THIS ISN'T HOW IT IS  
SUPPOSED TO BE.





AS SOON AS I RETURNED  
TO THIS TOWN AND SAW  
YOUR HOUSE, SAW ALL THIS,  
I KNEW ALL THE RUMORS  
WERE TRUE.

THIS PLACE..  
EVERYTHING  
YOU HAVE..

IT WAS  
ALL BOUGHT ON  
DRUG MONEY.

MONEY THAT  
COST MY BROTHER  
HIS LIFE.

THAT'S WHEN  
I DECIDED YOU  
WEREN'T GOING  
TO GET AWAY  
WITH IT.

I'D BEEN  
ENTERTAINING  
THE IDEA FROM  
THE TIME YOU  
WERE NUZZLING  
MY NECK AT THE  
RESTAURANT.



THAT'S WHY I  
BROUGHT THIS  
ALONG ON OUR  
LITTLE DATE.

A NIFTY  
DRUG THAT  
IMMOBILIZES  
THE BODY!



I LOVE WATCHING  
YOU TRY TO MOVE,  
AND THE PANIC IN YOUR  
EYES. AS YOU REALIZE  
YOU CAN'T!



IT'S BECAUSE  
OF YOU YOU  
MAGGOT--  
--DAMON'S  
IN THAT  
COFFIN.

BECAUSE YOU  
FEED ON HUMAN  
INSECURITY AND  
DESPAIR!



NANCY LEE,  
YOU LISTEN UP!  
YOU'VE GONE  
OUT OF YOUR  
MIND. DOING  
SOMETHING  
LIKE THIS.



YOU'RE  
A GOOD  
GIRL.  
YOU'VE  
ALWAYS BEEN A  
GOOD GIRL.  
YOU'D  
EVEN  
FEEL GUILTY  
ABOUT SWINGS  
ON THAT SWING  
WE WEREN'T  
SUPPOSED TO  
SWING ON.  
REMEMBER?

STONY WANTS TO SCREAM SANITY BACK INTO HER. HE WANTS TO SCREAM FOR RESCUE, BUT KNOWS HE'S BUILT HIS HOUSE FAR FROM POYING EYES AND EARS.

YOU HEAR THIS, STONY? MY SPOOTER—

--WON'T BE THE ONLY ONE--

--BURIED TODAY!



IF ONLY HIS CAMERA PHONE WERE ON. IF ONLY HE COULD GET THE THING TO SWITCH ON.

IT WOULD BE A WHOLE DIFFERENT STORY, THEN!



NANCY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

LET'S THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING OKAY?

YOU CAN TAKE IT TO THE BANK, STONY... I'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF THINKING.



NO ONE'S GOING TO HEAR YOU OR FIND YOU.

AND YOU KNOW IN YOUR HEART OF HEARTS, STONY—

—NO ONE HEREABOUTS IS REALLY GOING TO LOOK FOR YOU TOO HARD.

UMF!



STONY!

STONY ALMOST HAS A HEART ATTACK WHEN HE HEARS CURLY'S VOICE. LOUD WITH CONCERN IN HIS EAR.

THE CAMERA PHONE! IT'S ON! MUST HAVE TRIGGERED THE MECHANISM WHEN HE WHACKED HIS HEAD INTO THE COFFIN BOTTOM!



STONY,  
CAN YOU HEAR  
ME NOW? CAN  
YOU HEAR?

I HEAR  
YOU, CURLY.  
CAN YOU SEE  
WHAT I  
SEE?

YEAH. NIGHT SKY!  
WHERE ARE YOU?  
WHAT HAPPENED?

IT'S THE CRAZY  
SISTER, CURLY!

SHE'S GOT  
ME ZONKED OUT  
ON SOME KIND  
OF DRUG.

I DON'T  
EVEN HAVE THE  
TWITCH OF A DEATH  
NERVE, THAT'S HOW  
STRONG THIS  
STUFF IS!



WE'RE  
GOING OFF ROAD,  
CURLY! YOU SEE  
THAT?

WHAT I'M STILL  
SEEING IS JUST  
NIGHT SKY  
WHIZZING BY.



LISTEN, CURLY, THIS  
NUTSO'S GOT ME IN  
A COFFIN. YOU  
HEAR THAT?

YOU REALLY  
GOTTA HEAR ME  
NOW! NO FOOLING  
AROUND!

FIND ME!



YOU HAPTA  
GIVE ME  
SOMETHING  
TO GO ON!

I MEAN,  
FROM THE STARS,  
APPEARS TO ME  
YOUR TRAVELING  
NORTHWEST.



BUT THERE'S  
A WHOLE LOTTA  
NORTHWEST OUT  
HERE!





AH! I SEE YOU GOT YOUR PHONE WORKING AGAIN FOR A MINUTE I WAS AFRAID YOU'D LOST YOUR MIND AND WERE BABBLES TO YOURSELF

YOU KNOW ABOUT MY EMBEDDED CAMERA PHONE?



SINCE ABOUT THE TIME YOU WERE NUZZLING MY NECK FOR YOUR AUDIENCE.



THAT'S GOOD YOU'LL HAVE COMPANY TO SEE YOU THROUGH TO THE END

THEY'LL KNOW YOUR FATE!

THAT COULD BE A GOOD THING

MAYBE WHOEVER'S ON THE OTHER END WILL SEE THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS

REALIZE THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO LEGGIES LIKE YOU!





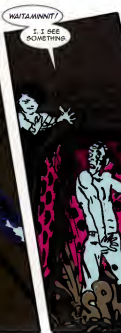
OH, MAN, CLUDY!  
SHE'S UP TO SOMETHING!  
SHE'S SHOVING  
THE COFFIN OFF THE  
TRUCK.

YOU SHAME  
ONE CLUE THAT  
PINPOINTS WHERE  
YOU ARE, BOSS,  
AND I'M THERE!



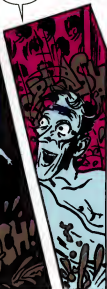
I'M TRYING  
TO SEE!

THE COFFIN'S  
TILTING. MAYBE,  
I'LL SEE SOMETHING  
THEN!



WAIT A MINNIT!

I. I. I SEE  
SOMETHING



WHAT  
IS THAT?





THIS SEEMS A FITTING PLACE FOR YOU TO SPEND ETERNITY, STONY!

THE PLACE WHERE WE GREW UP--

--BEFORE YOU BETRAYED US ALL! ENJOY!



ONLY ANOTHER FEW SECONDS AND HE COULD BE SAVED

IT ISN'T FAIR! HIS MIND SCREAMS--



--BECAUSE HIS MOUTH CANNOT!



CURLY SQUINTS AT WHAT IS IN THE CENTER OF THE SMALL IMAGE. WHAT IS THAT?

A CHILD'S SWING?



WHAT IN THE WORLD IS HE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THAT IMAGE?

FRAME IT AS A USELESS NORMAN ROCKWELL SCENE? FOR CURLY, IT'S ABOUT AS FAR REMOVED FROM HIS WORLD AS THAT PAINTING. IT MEANS NOTHING. NOTHING AT ALL



I'VE BEEN DEAD FOR HOURS.

KILLED BY MY FRIENDS,  
ROBBED OF EVERYTHING I  
OWNED, I'M THE LATE, ONCE-  
GREAT, ANDY DARGSTEN.

AND SITTING HERE <sup>PO</sup>  
SCARED AND SWEATING—  
ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS  
HOW TO STOP IT FROM  
HAPPENING AGAIN.

HOW TO STOP IT  
FROM HAPPENING  
FOR REAL.





I WAS BORN ANDREW FRANCIS DAGGSTEIN BUT I HAD A SECOND NAME. ANOTHER LIFE.

LIVING TWO LIVES WASN'T EASY. ALMOST LIKE A CHEATER, JUGGLING TO KEEP A WIFE AND GIRLFRIEND APART.

I NEVER CHEATED ON CARRY, THOUGH. SHE KNEW EVERY DETAIL ABOUT MY LIFE...AND MY OTHER LIFE.



EVEN THE WOMEN THERE.



CARRY'S GONE NOW. AS ARE THE OTHER WOMEN. THEY'RE GONE AND I'M DEAD.

I WAS HONEST TO THEM ABOUT MY DUAL LIVES AND BECAUSE OF THAT, MY WORLDS COLLIDED.



BECAUSE OF THAT I WAS KILLED ON THE BALFOOTH PLAINS.

ONLINE, I WAS EVENBLADE,  
A LEVEL TEN PALADIN

EVENBLADE BOARDED  
THE OSBE CONTINENT,  
SEARCHING FOR  
ADVENTURE.

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2111

OFFLINE, I WAS ANDY, WORKER ANDY,  
LOYAL BOYFRIEND ANDY, GOOD OL',  
NOBODY ANDY

I HATED ANDY

I SPENT MORE TIME IN MY EXTRA LIFE  
THAN WITH ANDY'S APARTMENT, ANNOYED  
GIRLFRIEND AND TEDIOUS JOB.

EVENBLADE HAD A  
LOYAL FELLOWSHIP OF  
FRIENDS. EVENBLADE  
HAD A CAVE OF RICHES.  
EVENBLADE HAD HIS  
ADMIRING GIRLFRIEND  
KYRA RAVENHAIR.

I HAVE NONE OF THOSE THINGS  
NOW. ANDY'S OR EVENBLADE'S.

AND SOON... SOON, I WON'T  
EVEN HAVE ME.

CAROLY DIDN'T LIKE  
EVENBLADE. SHE WAS  
AN ANDY GIRL.

THAT SUNDAY,  
THOUGH, SHE  
HATED ANDY  
HIS LACK OF  
DOIVE, HIS LACK  
OF INITIATIVE.



I NEVER UNDER-  
STOOD THAT  
EVENBLADE HAD  
INITIATIVE AND  
SHE HATED  
EVENBLADE.

SHE COULD  
BE SO  
FRUSTRATING!



THAT NIGHT IT WASN'T EVENBLADE  
WHO KILLED FIFTY BALTHORIAN  
OGRES AND WON 800 GOLD P.

IT WAS ANDY.







AS OUR PARTY EXPLORED THE OGRE CONTINENT, I EXPLAINED THE CAMAWY SITUATION.




AND EVENBLADE PAID THE PRICE.

HIS GUARD DOWN, SOMEONE LIFTED 600 GOLD P FROM HIS CHAINLINK BELT.



ANDY'S WALLET WENT MISSING THE FOLLOWING MORNING.





WITHOUT A METROCARD OR CAB FARE, I HAD TO WALK TO WORK.

CARAWY WOULDN'T LOAN ME THE CASH. SHE WAS STILL ANGRY.

SHE BLAMED ME FOR LOSING THE WALLET, CALLING ME CARELESS AND IRRESPONSIBLE.

ANDY GOT A GOODBYE KISS.



LATER THAT NIGHT, AS CARAWY SLEPT, ANDY UNBURDENED HIS HEART TO KYRA PAVENHAID.



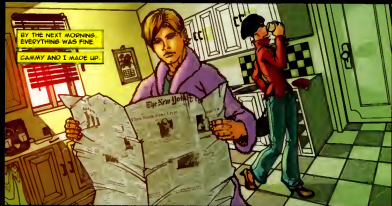
I REVEALED PERSONAL SECRETS I HADN'T TOLD ANYONE, EVEN CARAWY.



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BY THE NEXT MORNING,  
EVERYTHING WAS FINE.

CARMY AND I MADE UP.

ANDY GOT A  
GOODBYE KISS.

AND EVENBLADE  
EMBARKED ON A  
WRAITH HUNT.

KYRA JOINED THE  
FELLOWSHIP AS WE  
SEARCHED FOR  
BLOODWRAITH GOLD  
AND VAMPIRE BATS.



WE ENCOUNTERED A  
WRATH PACK IN THE  
THIRD CAVERN.

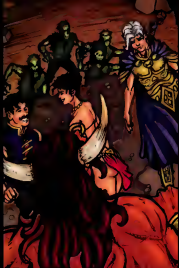
HOKLIN THE  
MINOTAUR AND  
KYRA DEFEATED  
STEELHEART #7  
AND I FOUGHT ON,  
EARNING HOOP EACH.



WHILE WE WAITED FOR THE  
REMAINING WRATHS TO TIRE  
AND WANDERED OFF, WE PASSED  
THE TIME.

AND THEN STEELHEART STARTED  
JOKING ABOUT SECRETS FROM  
ANDY'S PERSONAL LIFE.

SECRETS I HAD  
TOLD KYRA IN  
CONFIDENCE THE  
NIGHT BEFORE.





KYRA SAID SHE ASSUMED THE SECRETS WERE FAIR PLAY LIKE WHEN I TOLD THEM ABOUT CANWY... BUT I WAS ANGRY!

I WANTED TO KEEP ANDY'S AND EVENBLADE'S WORLDS AS SEPARATE AS POSSIBLE



STEELHEART67 WAS SO ABSORBED IN OUR ARGUMENT...



...THAT HE NEVER NOTICED THE WPAITHS SNEAKING UP THE SIDE OF THE CAVERN



HORGLIN AND I FOUGHT THEM BACK, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE

MY PROBLEMS HAD COST STEELHEART67 HIS ARM

AND THE NEXT DAY, HE WAS GONE.

WOUNDED AND DISILLUSIONED, STEELBLADEST RAN A SOLO CAMPAIGN AND WAS KILLED BY A HORDE OF GOBLINS.



KYRA AND I AVOIDED EACH OTHER. SHE WAS MORTIFIED AND I FELT BETRAYED.

BOTH OF US.



FEELING UNINSPIRED, I LEFT EARLY FOR WORK.

CAMMY'D BEEN GONE FOR HOURS AND SINCE WE COLLOUNT SHARE A CAR, I TOOK THE A TRAIN.



MY HEAD WAS SO FILLED WITH KYRA'S BETRAYAL THAT I DIDN'T NOTICE PEOPLE LAUGHING AT ME UNTIL THE TRAIN PULLED INTO THE STATION.





ONE OF THE MEN BEHIND ME WHISPERED SOMETHING TO HIS FRIEND, A LITTLE SECRET JOKE.

BUT IT WAS NO SECRET TO ME.



HE WAS WHISPERING A PRIVATE FANTASY I'D TOLD KYRA THE OTHER NIGHT. ONE OF THE SECRETS THAT HAD COST STEELBLADE'S LIFE.

FURIOUS, I ASKED HIM HOW HE KNEW? WHO HAD TOLD HIM?



DID HE WALK THE OBSCURE CONTINENT? DID HE KNOW KYRA? WAS HE STEELBLADE'S?

BUT HE JUST LAUGHED AT ME.



THE HARDER HE LAUGHED, THE ANGRIER I GOT.

ANDY WAS HURT AND BETRAYED.

EVENBLADE WAS HURT AND BETRAYED.



AND, LIKE STEEL-HEART67, SOMEONE ELSE PAID THE PRICE.



SOMEONE IN ANDY'S WORLD DIED AT EVENBLADE'S HANDS.



SOMEONE DIED BECAUSE I COULDN'T KEEP MY LIVES APART.





MY SECRETS HAD KILLED  
TWO PEOPLE, EACH IN A  
DIFFERENT WORLD.

EVENTS IN EVENBLADE'S  
LIFE WERE AFFECTING  
ANDY'S AND THE  
ANSWERS COULD ONLY  
BE FOUND ONLINE.

KYRA WASN'T IN THE  
PALADIN'S KEEP.

HORKUN CONFIRMED IT AFTER OUR  
DISASTROUS HUNT. SHE'D CANCELLED  
HER OSBE CONTINENT SERVICE AS FAR  
AS WE MATTERED. KYRA RAVENHAIR NO  
LONGER EXISTED.



THE STAFF HADN'T  
SEEN HER FOR  
HOURS AND HER  
OSSEMAIL  
ACCOUNT WASN'T  
WORKING.



EVENBLADE'S  
GIRLFRIEND NO  
LONGER EXISTED.



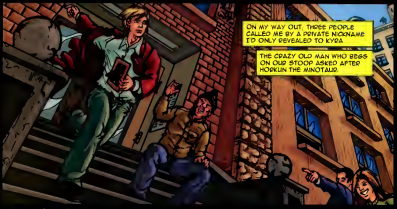
...MY GIRLFRIEND NO  
LONGER EXISTED...

GAMMY.



CAMMY'S CELL PHONE DIDN'T WORK. NO SUCH NUMBER.

HER JOB HAD NO RECORD OF HER AND HER MOM DIDN'T KNOW WHO I WAS. SHE ASKED IF THIS WAS A JOKE... SHE HAD TWO SONS, NO DAUGHTERS.



ON MY WAY OUT, THREE PEOPLE CALLED ME BY A PRIVATE NICKNAME I'D ONLY REVEALED TO KYRA.

THE CRAZY OLD MAN WHO BOSS ON OUR STOOP ASKED AFTER HORKLIN THE MINOTAUR.



DESPERATE, I WENT TO HER OFFICE BUT OF COURSE SHE WASN'T THERE.

I DEMANDED TO SEE HER DESK. SEE HER BOSS. SEE ANYTHING THAT WOULD PROVE ME WRONG.



HAD TO KNOW  
HAD TO KNOW

HER DESK. I RAN PAST THE  
RECEPTIONIST, HOPING TO  
FIND CAMMY AT HER DESK.



INSTEAD, I FOUND TYLER

TYLER WAS SITTING  
IN CAMMY'S DESK.  
HE SAID THAT HE'S  
BEEN OCCUPYING  
THIS DESK FOR  
TWO MONTHS.

AS SECURITY  
DRAGGED ME  
FROM THE  
BUILDING, TYLER  
GOT OFF THE  
TELEPHONE LONG  
ENOUGH TO  
SMILE, WINK, AND  
THROUGH THE  
ECHOING SILENCE  
IN MY EAR, I  
HEARD HIM SAY:



"GOOD TO MEET  
YOU, BUDDY."

"MY BEST TO EVERYONE  
AT THE PALADIN'S KEEP."



CAMMY'S THINGS WERE GONE BY THE TIME I GOT HOME.

AT FIRST I THOUGHT SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE TAKEN THEM... BUT THERE WASN'T EVEN ANY DUST, ANY FILTH LEFT BEHIND. IT WAS AS IF CAMMY HAD NEVER LIVED HERE.

AS IF SHE HAD NEVER EXISTED.

AFTER THAT, I DIDN'T FEEL LIKE BEING ANDY VERY MUCH.




NO SECRETS. NO MONEY. NO GIRLFRIEND. IT WAS HAPPY LIVING.

TO BE HONEST, I DIDN'T FEEL LIKE SPENDING TIME IN EVENBLADE'S LIFE. EITHER.

THERE WAS SO MUCH OF ANDY IN IT THAT IT HARDLY FELT ADVENTUROUS AND INSPIRING.





MY LIVES HAD INTERTWINED, MY  
WORLDS COLLIDED.

AND I COULD FIND  
NO SOLACE, NO  
COMFORT IN EITHER.



HODGKIN DRAGGED ME ON A FEW  
QUESTS, BUT MY HEART WASN'T IN IT.

ANDY'S HEART  
WASN'T IN IT.



EVERY MOVE ON THE CONTINENT  
HAUNTED MY WAKING HOURS, AND  
SO I BARELY SLEPT.

I COULDN'T LEAVE  
THE HOUSE, FOR FEAR  
OF WHAT I'D FIND.



AND I WOULDN'T LEAVE THE GAME,  
AFRAID OF MISSING THE ANSWERS  
I HOPED TO FIND.



MY JOB FIRED ME  
THE FOLLOWING  
MORNINGS

I SEARCHED FOR  
A COROLLARY TO  
EVENBLADE'S LIFE  
BUT CAME UP  
EMPTY

IN FACT, HOOKIN SUGGESTED WE REFLILL  
OUR FELLOWSHIP AND CHEER ME UP  
WITH AN ADVENTURE.

AFRAID OF THE  
CONSEQUENCES,  
I SAID NO... BUT  
TO BE  
HONEST, I WAS  
BORED WAITING  
FOR ANSWERS  
THAT WEREN'T  
COMING.

AND, OF COURSE, NEVER WOULD.

IT WAS EVENBLADE THE PALADIN,  
EVENBLADE THE STRONG, WHO  
WENT INTO BATTLE...



...BUT IT WAS  
ANDREW FRANCIS  
DABBSTEIN THAT  
DIED, STRUCK  
FROM BEHIND ON  
THE BALROTH  
PLAINS



THAT WAS TWELVE  
HOURS AND 0.

I'D DIED ON THE OGRE CONTINENT.  
ONE OF MY LIVES HAD BEEN KILLED.

AND IT WAS A MATTER OF  
TIME BEFORE SOMETHING  
CAME FOR THIS ONE, TOO.

I WAS ALWAYS HONEST ABOUT MY  
WORLDS, MY TWO LIVES...AND  
BECAUSE OF THAT, THEY COLLIDED.

BECAUSE OF THAT, GAMMY WAS  
GONE. BECAUSE OF THAT I'M DEAD.

ANDY IS DEAD. AND NOW, I FINALLY  
UNDERSTAND WHAT IT IS TO LIVE.

I WAS BORN ANDREW FRANCIS  
OARBSTEIN BUT I HAD A SECOND  
NAME. AN EXTRA LIFE.

A close-up shot of a person's hands holding a multi-bladed knife. The knife has several blades of varying lengths and widths, all pointing towards the top right. The person is wearing a blue patterned shirt. The background is dark and indistinct.

MY NAME IS EVENGLADE AND  
ONCE I ROAMED THE OSEE  
CONTINENT.

TWELVE HOURS AGO,  
I LOST MY LIFE.


A full-page illustration of a man in a room. The man is shirtless, muscular, and has dark hair. He is wearing blue shorts and red socks. He is holding a multi-bladed knife in his right hand. The room is dimly lit with a blueish tint. There is a window with blinds in the background, a door with a checkered pattern, and a hanging lamp. The floor is covered with debris, including a broken chair and various objects. The man has a determined and somewhat somber expression.

SITTING HERE, ARMED AND  
READY. ALL I CAN THINK  
ABOUT IS HOW TO STOP IT  
FROM HAPPENING AGAIN.

HOW TO STOP IT FROM  
HAPPENING FOR REAL.

END





YOU KNOW, KIDDIES, I CAN'T GET WHAT ANDY'S PROBLEM IS! WHO SAYS REALITY IS ALL IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE?

BUT I CAN'T RECOMMEND SOCIALIZING IN THE OGRE CONTINENT - THOSE OGRES CAN BE SUCH BACK-STABBERS!

NOW, THE OLD WITCH. SHE WASTES ENDLESS HOURS ONLINE IN THE WORLD OF WARTCRAFT!

I'LL JUST KEEP AVOIDING THOSE GHASTLY GHOULINATICS BY HANGING HERE - AT LEAST UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN IN THE NEXT TOTALLY REAL ISSUE OF TALES FROM THE CRYPT! HAHAHAHAAH!



Greetings, **CRETINS!** It's me again, the ol' Crypt-Keeper Welcome to another go-round of **CRAZED CRITICISM** and **BOMBASTIC BRUCKBATS** regarding our previous **IGNOMINIOUS** issue!

But before opening up that can of **INVERTEBRATES**, let's review the **REVOLTING** results of your voting on **TALES FROM THE CRYPT #3**. It was yet another **CHILLINGLY CLOSE** race, but somehow "A **MURDERIN' IDOL**" by **MANIACAL** Marc Todd and **SHUDDERIN'** Steve Mannion managed to eke out a victory as the issue's favorite **SCARE-TALE** over "SLABBED" by Stefan Petrucha and Don Hudson.

If you somehow missed our **TERRIFYING** third issue, the **EVIL GENIUSES** over at Papercuts have already collected it and other **FEAR-FABLES** into paperback and hardcover collections entitled **TALES FROM THE CRYPT #2 "Can You Fear Me Now?"** It, along with **TALES FROM THE CRYPT #1 "Ghoul's Gone Wild"** should be on shelves of better **BOOKSTORES** now:

got his wish, but then found out it was really hell in paradise clothing!

It was an ingenious plot twist in "The Tenant" whereby the cheapskate landlord is forced to make improvements without breaking the conditions of his sentence that stipulate he must not do so: legally, the graveyard was not his property, so it was not breaking conditions to make improvements to the graveyard. Being forced to make these improvements was what really improved the landlord, but that did not save him from serving a sentence within a sentence.

I shall be looking forward to future issues.

Briony Coote  
New Zealand

Thanks, Briony! "The Tenant" had a moral we can all appreciate -- that a tidy tomb is a happy tomb!

Subject: Tales From The Crypt #2

I have only caught up with you on the second issue and I can't tell you how delighted I am that you are back for a new run! Ever since I learned about EC comics a few years back I have been intrigued in reading some of those classic creepy comics, and it was a pity that Bill Gaines persistently refused to resurrect them. I am glad that somebody has finally done so.

I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Eses' artwork in "The Garden". I thought it gave the feel that the story was taking place in some bizarre video game. [SPOILER WARNING: Don't read the rest of this email if you haven't already read **TALES FROM THE CRYPT #2**] I liked the poetic justice that the suicide bomber committed his crime in order to get into paradise. He

Subject: Hope and Fear for the Crypt series

Hi, I've been a longstanding EC fan-addict since I was 12 (now 33). When at a conicon I bought an original issue because the cover looked interesting - this was before the HBO series! I fell in love right away.

Yesterday I found your new series on the shelf at the comic shop. I felt an immediate thrill (Wow! New **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** stories!) and at the same time fear (Uh-oh, is this gonna be any good? Will it do justice to the original?)

After reading the first paperback (and I am about to start on issue 3 after I finish this email), my vendict was

somewhere in the middle. I so much want this to be the best comic it can be, because I love comics and I love the EC horrors especially. You have so much potential here! The only story I found up to par was "The Tenant" and judging by your letters in issue 3, that is the consensus. The first story in the book, "Body of Work" had me feeling especially frustrated. Such a good start, a great premise...then an ending that was just wasted! Why didn't you SHOW the faces of the corpses and their resemblance to the portraits? AND YOU MISSED AN OBVIOUS OPPORTUNITY FOR A GREAT GAG: The corpses should have taken the paintings back to the graveyard and hung them in the mausoleum! They could have given the artist (Jack Kroll) a post-mortem exhibit! And you know how the value of art goes up after an artist dies! His paintings would have sold out - no coffin should be without one!

I shall continue buying your "TALES" for a while at least, always optimistic to catch some of the magic.

Yakov Levi

*Hey, Yakov as "a longstanding EC fan-addict" of 21 years, you have our permission to sit down already! But what makes you think we'd ever go for the "OBVIOUS" gag?*

Subject: Crypt-Keeper's Comet!!!!

Hey, what's up, y'all? We wanted to give your team a big thumbs up for having the guts to bring TALES FROM THE CRYPT back. What about THE VAULT OF HORROR, THE CRYPT OF TERROR, THE HAUNT OF FEAR? Man, that would be hot as hell if you published those as well. I'd buy 'em, actually any EC comic would be exciting, CRIME SUSPENSE, SHOCK SUSPENSE, etc. Now, my nephew and I are real excited about these comics, and hope you continue strong. My suggestion is if your going to have somewhat weak stories, and only 2 stories per mag you are going to have to make up for it in the quality of paper stock and front cover artwork. The artwork for issue 2 is absolutely awesome, I bought like 6 of that issue. Now, in regards to the paper stock - man, you guys are cheap. I have to buy at least 2 of each issue because just reading your mag for a couple of minutes my fingerprints get etched into the ink and ruin the comic. The ink smears. Hey, when are you guys coming out with a hologram, foil, multi-colored variant and limited edition covers. Variant covers would be great, my nephew and I would buy all of em!!!!

Keep Up The Good Work !!

Master Tillman Pink III  
Manuel Mendoza  
Los Angeles, California

*Flattery will get you nowhere, Master Tillman and Manuel. TALES FROM THE CRYPT is the same comic as THE CRYPT OF TERROR, while we're waiting to hear what other EC Fan-addicts think about revising those other TERROR-TITLES. If you like STIFF covers, why not simply buy our HARDCOVER editions? As for limited edition covers, starting with this very issue we have two different comicbook covers - one with a US price and the other with a Canadian price! I expect you and your nephew to keep your word and buy 'em both - even if it means a trip up North! As for HORRORgrams, SPOILED, and MUTILATED limited edition covers, I suspect there's no cheap sales gimmick those PINHEADS at Papercuts won't try!*

Subject: new TALES FROM THE CRYPT

Hey, I heard about you on NPR. Any plans for the HAUNT or VAULT? I'll tell everyone I know. I'm sending the link to your site ([www.papercuts.com](http://www.papercuts.com)) to my distribution list. Hope you can get some more air-time, like the bit I heard today on NPR. I'm a big CRYPT fan (comics, movies, and TV), have the Russ Cochran hardbound collections, am constantly checking Ebay for more and this was the first I had heard of your product.

Good luck, Taking subscriptions?

Bill Shaw

*NPR! Around here that means NAUSEATING PULSATING REMAINS! You probably mean the ultra-short feature Nina GREGORY produced on Halloween for Morning Edition on National Public Radio, which featured my debut editor, Jim Salicrup.*

*As for subCRYPTions, just send us a check or money order, in US funds only for \$24.00 for a one-year, six-issue subscription to TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Subscriptions begin with the next issue published after we receive your order.*

*This concludes another rousing intellectual DISSECTION regarding the greatest horror comicbook series ever! Don't miss next issue featuring the GROSS-EST story yet - "Ignoble Rot" by Fred Van Lente and Steve Mannion, as well as "Queen of the Vampires" by Marc Bilgrey and Mr. Essex.*

*Keep those emails and letters coming! Tell us what you thought of this freaky, fan-offending fourth issue. Send your letters to:*

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner  
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308  
New York, NY 10005

*Or email your savage commentaries or rage-filled reviews to our illustrious editor at: [salicrup@papercuts.com](mailto:salicrup@papercuts.com).*

TERROR



HARPCOULE®  
NO. 5  
ALL-NEW!



# TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



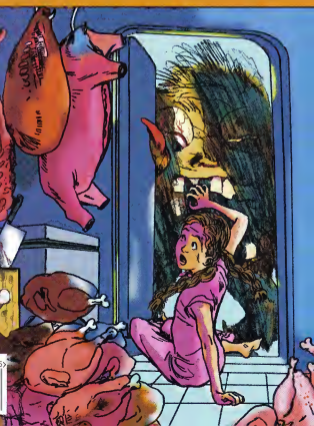
THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER




7189043506 5





HEY, OLD MITCH, HOW LONG IS THE CRYPT-KEEPER GOING TO KEEP READING HIS FAN MAIL?

OH, LET HIM BE, VAULT-KEEPER!



IT KEEPS HIM FROM TELLING THOSE INSUFFERABLE YARNS OF HIS! NOW IF HE WERE AS GOOD AS MY FAVORITE HORROR WRITER, VICTORIA PRICE, I WOULDN'T MIND! TAKE FOR EXAMPLE, THIS TALE OF GREED AND BETRAYAL ENTITLED...

QUEEN OF THE  
VAMPIRES



ALWYN IS A SMALL COLLEGE IN THE BERKSHIRE MOUNTAINS OF MASSACHUSETTS. IT'S QUIET, PICTURESQUE AND VERY OLD. MOST OF THE STUDENTS ON CAMPUS TALK ABOUT THE USUAL THINGS THAT YOUNG PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

HEY, CHECK HER OUT

SHE'S HOT!

THESE BOYS ARE LIKE 60 IMMATURE!

WHICH BRINGS US TO THE DORM OF TWO ROOMMATES, SALLY "SYBIL" WILLS AND TINA "TANTH" BENSON, WHO ARE TALKING ABOUT THEIR FAVORITE SUBJECT.



GUESS WHAT I GOT, TANTH? VICTORIA PRICE'S NEW VAMPIRE DURO'S NOVEL... "BOUQUET OF BLOOD!"

THAT'S NOT DUE OUT TIL NEXT MONTH! HOW'D YOU GET IT?



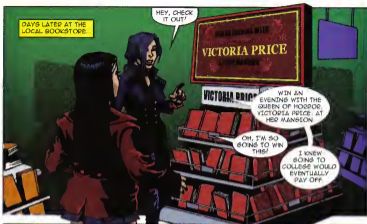
IT'S AN ARC--AN ADVANCE READING COPY! I POSED AS THE ALWYN CAMPUS NEWS BOOK CRITIC

YOU'RE BAD! C'MON LET'S READ IT!



WONDER WHY EVERYONE THINKS WE'RE WEIRD?

'CAUSE WE'RE IN A CEMETERY AT NIGHT, DRESSED LIKE VAMPIRES? SEEMS PERFECTLY NORMAL TO ME











I CAN ALWAYS  
GET ANOTHER FRIEND, BUT  
MEETING MY FAVORITE WRITER  
IS A ONCE IN A LIFETIME  
OPPORTUNITY. WHAT IF TANITH  
SUDDENLY JUST 'VANISHED'?  
BUT WHAT WOULD I DO  
WITH HER BODY?



I KNOW, I KNOW!  
IT'S PERFECT! IT'S  
SO OBVIOUS I CAN'T  
BELIEVE I DIDN'T  
THINK OF THIS  
SOONER!



PROBLEM  
SOLVED. HEH, NOW  
I CAN FINALLY  
REST IN PEACE.

FINALLY.

I'M SO EXCITED.  
TOMORROW IS  
THE BIG DAY!

LIKE I COULD FORGET  
ABOUT THAT? C'MON, LET'S  
GO TO OUR SPECIAL PLACE  
AND CELEBRATE!

I'M KIND OF TIRED. I  
THOUGHT I'D MAKE IT  
AN EARLY NIGHT.

BUT WE HAVE  
TO GO! UH, OH,  
MEAN, IT'S OUR  
RITUAL.

OH, IT'LL BE VERY QUICK  
I GUARANTEE IT.

OH, YOU'RE  
SO SWEET. ALL  
RIGHT BUT LET'S  
MAKE IT QUICK  
TONIGHT.

TALES  
FROM THE  
CRYPT











ALAS, POOR TANTH, YOU  
WERE ALWAYS TOO TRUSTING.  
I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL  
PANGS OF SYMPATHY  
FOR YOU.

BUT THEY  
PASSED LIKE  
A BUST OF  
SUMMER  
WIND.



SINCE, DEAR FRIEND, NO ONE  
HAS BEEN BURIED IN THIS  
OLD CEMETERY SINCE THE  
REVOLUTIONARY WAR, IT  
IS HIGHLY UNLIKELY  
THAT YOU WILL BE  
NOTICED.



WELL, THAT'S IT, TANTH, DEAR.  
SORRY I CAN'T PROVIDE YOU  
WITH A SUITABLE GRAVESTONE,  
BUT I'M SURE YOU CAN UNDER-  
STAND THE DELICATENESS  
OF THE SITUATION.



THE NEXT DAY, SYBIL, ARMED WITH TANITH'S I.D., BEGINS THE DRIVE TO BOSTON

WITH ME LUCK, DEAR TANITH, WHEREVER YOU ARE AS THE VAMPIRE DUBOIS SAID, IN CONNOISSEUR OF BLOOD, WHEN HE DROVE INTO BOSTON, TO MEET THE LL-FATED ELIZABTH VANDERVEED, THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE...




"IN THE BEGINNING OF THE JOURNEY, I SAVOR THE ANTICIPATION AS IF IT IS A FINE WINE TO BE UNBIBED IN VERY SMALL SIPS."




HOURS LATER...


"REHOLD," SAID THE VAMPIRE DUBOIS. "THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY BECKON ME LIKE THE SIRENS OF ULYSSES. BUT I PEAD THEM NOT, FOR I AM THE ONE WHO SHALL TRIUMPH!"



AND NOW TO SEEK OUT  
THE ROYAL RESIDENCE OF MY  
QUEEN. CERTAINLY, HER REGAL  
MANSION IS NOT AMONG THE  
HUMBLE DWELLINGS OF  
COMMONERS



THIS DOCUMENT, HAND DRAWN, NO DOUBT, BY  
THE PALACE CARTOGRAPHER, REVEALS THAT I AM  
CORRECT IN MY ASSUMPTION. THOUGH, HER  
MAJESTY'S STATELY HOME IS NOT FAR. IT  
SEEMS, PERHAPS SHE WISHES NOT TO STRAY  
TOO GREAT A DISTANCE FROM HER  
SUBJECTS.



MY HEART IS ALL APLITTER! YONDER  
IS THE CASTLE OF SHE WHOM I HAVE  
PLEGGED MY ETERNAL ALLEGIANCE  
TO! AND WILL YOU LOOK AT THE  
SIZE OF IT! YOU COULD FIT MY  
WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD IN THERE  
AND STILL HAVE ROOM FOR THE  
MALL AND TWO PARKING  
LOTS!





**DUM DUM TA DUM  
TA TA DUM TA  
DUM DUM DUM!**



YES?

I'M TANITH,  
THAT IS, TINA  
BENSON.

YES,  
PLEASE COME IN,  
MS. BENSON. MISS  
PRICE IS EXPECTING  
YOU.

YOU'RE A LITTLE  
EARLY, MS. BENSON.  
MISS PRICE WILL BE WITH YOU  
IN A FEW MOMENTS. SHE'S  
JUST PUTTING THE FINISHING  
TOUCHES ON A CHAPTER  
FOR HER NEW NOVEL.

THAT IS SO  
WAY COOL! ER... I  
MEAN, OF COURSE, I  
SHALL PATIENTLY AWAIT  
HER PRESENCE.



LOOK AT ALL  
THESE AWESOME  
BOOKS ON VAMPIRES!  
AND ARE THOSE VIALS  
OF BLOOD? COOL.

A LITTLE LATER...

MISS PRICE  
WILL SEE YOU  
NOW, IN THE  
LIBRARY

LEP! THIS  
IS IT! MY QUEEN  
AWAITS!



THESE PEOPLE  
LOOK EVEN  
GREETER THAN  
MY RELATIVES.



COME IN YOU  
MUST BE MS BENSON,  
THE ELLUSTIDIOUS WINNER  
OF MY LITTLE CONTEST,  
I'M VICTORIA  
PRICE.

WELL, OF  
COURSE YOU ARE!  
THAT IS, UM, I'M SYB--  
I MEAN, TAN-- TINA, I'M  
PLEASUED TO MAKE YOUR  
ACQUAINTANCE.




A jungle scene with two characters standing in a clearing. The character on the left is a man with a beard and a white tunic. The character on the right is a woman with dark hair and a dark, patterned tunic. They are surrounded by many frogs of various colors (red, orange, green) on the ground and on branches. The background is a dense jungle with trees and vines.

THIS IS  
WHERE I KEEP  
MY AMPHIBIANS.

CUTE  
FROGS.

EACH ONE  
HAS ENOUGH POISON  
IN THEM TO KILL ONE  
HUNDRED PEOPLE. IT'S  
WHAT INDIGENOUS  
TRIBES USE ON  
THEIR SLOWGUN  
DARTS.

A close-up of two women. The woman on the left has dark hair and is wearing a blue hooded cloak over a red top. She is looking towards the woman on the right. The woman on the right has short white hair and is wearing glasses and a dark top. She is looking back at the first woman.

I SO HOPE  
YOU'RE ENJOYING THIS  
SLIMPSE INTO SOME OF MY  
DISTRACTIONS. FEEL FREE TO  
ASK ME ANYTHINGS AT ALL.  
TONIGHT I'M HERE  
FOR YOU.

UH, I WAS  
CURIOUS. HOW DID  
YOU COME UP WITH  
THE CHARACTER  
OF THE VAMPIRE  
DUBOIS?

A scene in a room. The woman with dark hair and a blue hooded cloak is standing on the left, facing the older woman with white hair and glasses who is on the right. They are in a room with a doorway in the background.

AS IT HAPPENS,  
THE INSPIRATION  
FOR DUBOIS CAME  
FROM WHAT'S IN THIS  
ROOM. PLEASE,  
STEP INSIDE.



THERE'S  
NOTHING HERE.  
IT'S EMPTY.



**CLICK!**  
**WOOSH!**



I DON'T UNDER-  
STAND WHAT'S  
GOING ON?

IT'S SIMPLE,  
MS. BENSON.



YOU WERE CHOSEN AS THE CONTEST WINNER BECAUSE, AFTER A BACKGROUND CHECK, IT WAS DETERMINED YOU HAVE NO LIVING RELATIVES.

BUT, BUT I'M NOT.



TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, WHAT INSPIRED MY CHARACTER DUBOIS...



...IS LIVING ON THE CEILING.



I DON'T SEE ANYTHING.

SILLY GIRL! THEY ONLY COME OUT—



**CLICK!**

...IN THE DARK!



I PROMISED MY VAMPIRE BATS A SPECIAL MEAL TO CELEBRATE THE LAUNCHING OF MY NEW BOOK. IT'S A TREAT I GIVE THEM ONCE A YEAR. IT SEEMS TO BRING ME LUCK.

AND I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TO FEED THEM LATELY, AND THEY'RE OH, SO HUNGRY.

MY, MY, ALL THAT SCREAMING. I DO RELIEVE I'M GETTING ANOTHER IDEA FOR A NEW BOOK. I SO LOVE THE CREATIVE PROCESS. DON'T YOU?

END

WHAT A  
BATTY ENDING!

>GROAN<

YES, SYBIL PAID  
QUITE A PRICE TO MEET  
MRS. PRICE! JUST AS YOU'RE  
PAYING THE PRICE OF EATING  
TOO MANY CHOCOLATE  
STUFFED FRUITY GRAIN  
BALLS!

IT'S THE ONLY  
THING THAT KEEPS  
THE OLD VAULT-  
KEEPER VAULTING  
ABOUT!

JUST CHECK  
OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO  
LITTLE JIMMY WHEN HE  
SKIPS BREAKFAST, IN  
THIS SHOCKER I  
CALL...

**Kid TESTED**  
**MOTHER**  
**APPROVED!**

WOW! AN  
"A" ON YOUR  
SPELLING  
TEST...

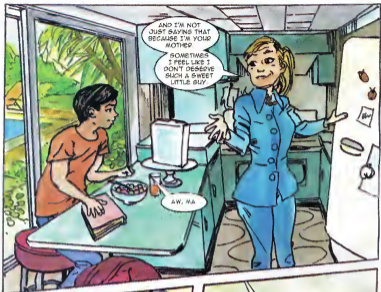
...HITTING A  
HOME RUN IN  
GYM CLASS...

...LANDING  
THE LEAD IN THE  
SCHOOL PLAY...

...AND A BLUE  
RIBBON AT THE  
SCIENCE FAIR!

A large, detailed illustration of a silver bowl filled with colorful macarons in shades of red, yellow, green, pink, and orange. A silver spoon is stuck into the macarons. The background is filled with radiating yellow and black lines, creating a sense of excitement or emphasis.

I HATE TO SAY IT,  
BUT YOU MIGHT BE  
THE **GREATEST** KID  
IN THE WORLD!





BUT THEY'VE GOT THE FRUITEST CHOCOLATE TASTE IN THE LAND IT'S GOT THAT WILD X-TREME FLAVORED BLAST THAT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!

IT'S THE MOST FRUITASTICALLY SUGAR BOMBED SWEETNESS EXPLOSION EVER!

NO DICE, MA. I CAN'T EAT 'EM DRY



YOU ATE THEM DRY ALL THE TIME WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE. WHY, YOU'VE EATEN CHOCOLATE STUFFED FRUITY SOAIN BALLS EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIFE.

...WELL SINCE YOU'VE HAD TEETH.

MOM, I'LL BE OKAY. I DON'T NEED TO EAT THEM EVERY DAY.



YES, YES, YOU DO!

WHY APEIN'T YOU BOMBS CRAZY WITH THE CHOCORIFFIC FRUIT SP45RMS?

JUMBY, YOU NEED A WELL-BALANCED BREAKFAST WITH THE SWEETNESS YOU CRAVE WELDED WITH THE VITAMINS, NUTRIENTS, AND MINERALS YOU NEED FOR STROONS BONES, A WINNING SMILE AND PEP AND AND VIBOR!

VIBOR-- YOU NEED VIBOR!!

BYE, MOM SEE YOU AFTER SCHOOL





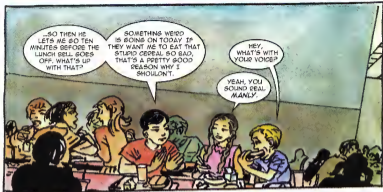












...SO THEN HE LETS ME GO TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE LUNCH BELL GOES OFF. WHAT'S UP WITH THAT?

SOMETHING WE'RD IS GOING ON TODAY IF THEY WANT ME TO EAT THAT STUPID CEREAL SO BAD, THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T.

HEY, WHAT'S WITH YOUR VOICE?

YEAH, YOU SOUND REAL MANLY.



GODD LORD!  
>CHOKES<

>GASPS<  
JIMMY? ARE YOU OKAY?

JIMMY?



YEEAAAARRRGGH!  
THE DAIN!

HELP! MRS. THOMPSON! HELP!  
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH JIMMY!



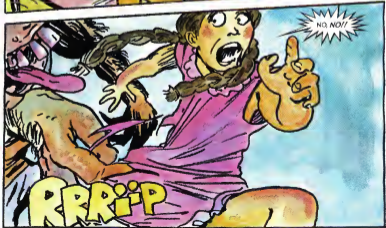
GGGGGG  
IT...BULLSHIT!

**GRAB!**

LEAVE THOUGH!  
OUTTA THE WAY,  
YA BRATS.

**CRASH!**

















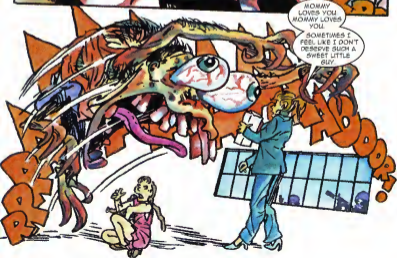
OH, JIMMY,  
WE WERE SUCH  
GOOD FRIENDS,  
WHY?



STOP!

PLEASE, JIMMY,  
PLEASE STOP THIS AND  
BE THE REAL YOU AGAIN.  
WE LOVE YOU, JIMMY.  
THE WAY YOU WERE,  
NOT LIKE THIS.







EVERYTHING'S  
GONNA BE OKAY,  
BABY.

YOU ARE THE  
BEST KID IN THE  
WORLD.

EVERYTHING'S  
GONNA BE GREAT.

YOU'RE GOING  
TO EAT A NUTRITIOUS  
BREAKFAST EVERY  
DAY.

FROM  
NOW ON  
I PROMISE  
NO MORE  
MISTAKES.

EVERYTHING'S  
GONNA BE JUST  
LIKE IT WAS BEFORE.  
I PROMISE.





SO, CAN ANYONE TELL ME WHY BREAKFAST IS THE MOST IMPORTANT MEAL OF THE DAY?

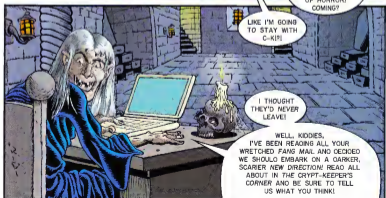


JIMMY AGAIN. YOU SEEM TO HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS TODAY. ONE DAY IN THE SCHOOL AND YOU'RE ALREADY RUNNING CIRCLES AROUND US ALL...



...YES, JIMMY YOU ARE CERTAINLY A FORCE TO BE RECKONED WITH.

END



HORROR



NO. 6  
ALL-NEW!

# TALES FROM THE CRYPT



IN THIS ISSUE:  
AN ALL-NEW STORY BY  
**JOE R. LANSDALE &  
JOHN L. LANSDALE**  
TEXAS' TOP TERROR WRITERS!

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH

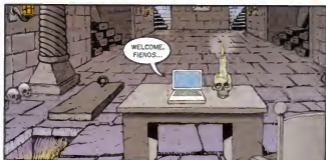


THE VAULT-KEEPER





# THE CRYPT OF TERROR





WELCOME BACK TO "JUMPING THE SHARK" WHEN WE LAST LEFT YOU CAITLIN WAS ABOUT TO EAT THIS JAR OF MAGGOTS.

EAT THE MAGGOTS!  
EAT THE MAGGOTS!  
EAT THE MAGGOTS!



SHE DID IT!

GULP!

EEEEWWWW!



THE MAN WITH THE DARK SHADOW IS PRODUCER LAZLO SLOAN. "JUMPING THE SHARK" IS HIS BABY.

PHIL, YOU IDIOT! THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE THIS LATE WITH MY COFFEE, YOU'VE FIRED!!

SORRY MR SLOAN, SIR!



THE MAN WALKING AWAY... WELL, THAT'S ME. I'M PHIL RAFFERTY, LAZLO'S ASSISTANT.

SOME DAY THAT STUPID OLD GOOT'S GOING TO GET HIS!





...UH...

HEY!  
COME ON, PEOPLE!  
THIS IS NO BIG DEAL!  
PLEASE STAY IN  
YOUR SEATS!

THIS  
CAN'T BE  
HAPPEN-  
ING!



THE VERY NEXT DAY...

WHAT HAPPENED TO RANDY EVANS  
WAS A TRAGEDY, BUT I THINK WE  
CAN ALL AGREE THAT HE KNEW WHAT  
HE WAS GETTING HIMSELF INTO. NO  
ONE PUT A GUN TO HIS HEAD AND  
SAID, "HEY YOU, SIGN THIS  
WAIVER!"

BUT MR.  
SLOAN--

NO MORE  
QUESTIONS!

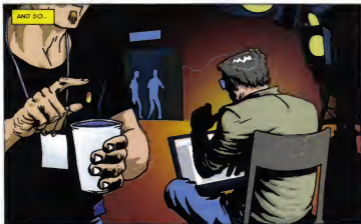


GO TO RANDY'S FAMILY  
WRITE THEM A CHECK--  
LET THEM NAME  
THE AMOUNT.

MR. SLOAN--  
THAT'S IMMORAL!

IMMORAL? WHAT IS THIS,  
KINDERGARTEN? JUST  
SHUT UP AND GET THEM  
TO TAKE THE  
MONEY!!

THAT WAS THE  
LAST STRAW  
SOMEONE HAD  
TO TEACH HIM A  
LESSON.













I'M GONNA DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY THAN LAZLO SLOAN! NO MORE INHUMANE STUNTS! NO MORE DANGEROUS SHARK TANKS! HIS DEATH WON'T HAVE BEEN IN VAIN!

...YOU'RE JUST THE RIGHT PERSON TO SUCCEED LAZLO SLOAN!

PARDON OUR APPEARANCE



YOU'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING, PHIL! THE RATINGS HAVE TAKEN A NOSE-DIVE! PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO SEE CONTESTANTS SWIMMING OVER A TANK FULL OF JELL-O! THEY WANT DANGER! EXCITEMENT! AND IF YOU CAN'T GIVE IT TO THEM, WE'LL GET SOMEONE WHO CAN!



BUT THIS JOB IS MY WHOLE LIFE! MAYBE LAZLO WASN'T SO WRONG AFTER ALL...

THERE ARE GONNA BE SOME CHANGES AROUND HERE, FOLKS! SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT THAT LAZLO SLOAN'S STUNTS WERE DANGEROUS, INHUMANE, BUT NOT ME! I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS A VISIONARY! AND HIS STUNTS WEREN'T TOO DANGEROUS...





HELLO, PHIL! HOW'S SHOWBIZ?

L-LAZLO!



BUT...BUT...IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD!

YEAH YEAH, WHATEVER, JERKY. BUT REALLY, I'VE GOT THIS IDEA FOR A NEW SHOW AND I'M DYING TO TRY IT OUT ON YOU!

I KNOW WHAT THIS IS. THIS IS SOME KINDA PRACTICAL JOKE. ISN'T IT? WELL, THAT'S A LOUSY LAZLO SLOAN MASK. DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE HIM! NOW TAKE IT OFF!



YOU'RE NOT LISTENING! WHAT IF YOU TOOK A COUPLE THAT WAS MADLY IN LOVE AND HAD THEM LIVE FOR SIX MONTHS IN A HOUSE... WHERE IT'S RAINING INDOORS 24/7! HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE THEM TO BE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS?



IT'S-- IT'S NOT A MASK!

ANYWAY, I CALL IT "COLD SHOWER," AND IT'LL BE THE HIT OF THE NEW FALL SEASON!













BUT IT WASN'T OKAY  
FROM THEN ON, I WAS A  
JANGLY BAG OF NERVES.



ALWAYS ON EDGE...

SO THE CONTESTANT STICKS  
HIS HEAD IN HERE--WHERE  
THE WATERMELON IS--  
AND THEN...



...FOREVER EXPECTING  
TO SEE HIM PEKING  
OUT BEHIND EVERY  
CORNER.

AAGH!

NEVER SEEN ANYONE  
GET SO FREAKED OUT  
BY A WATERMELON  
BEFORE!

**SLICE!**



IF MY DAYS WERE  
ANXIETY-FIDDEN MY  
NIGHTS WERE WORSE.



WAS I GOING MAD?













WONDER  
WHOSE POCKET  
SHE PICKED FOR  
THAT WATCH

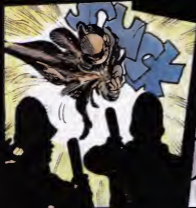
WHAT ARE ALL  
THESE KNOBS  
ON THE SIDE?

POP!

WHAT'S  
WROGGS WITH THIS  
THING...PIECE OF  
JUNK.

**TWEEEEET!**

'EV, YOU,  
SUVINED!







PROTECT  
YOUR RIGHTS  
NOW

WE SIGNED  
ON

TRAVEL  
BRAIN  
2024

WATER  
RESISTANCE



**POP!**



WOH! COOL  
LIKE MONEY  
FROM HOME.



**HAL DEMANS  
PAWN SHOP**

**GOLD  
SILVER**

219



**HAL DEMANS  
SHOP**

LOOK OUT  
GOOD THIES,  
HERE YOU  
COME.



HEY, BOB

GOT ANYTHING  
INTERESTING FOR  
ME, HARRY?



NEED A  
WATCH?

GOT FOUR

BUT I GET NONE  
OF THEM ARE  
VICTORIAN



VICTORIAN?

THAT'S RIGHT, AND  
IT LOOKS TO HAVE A  
BUNCH OF DOO-HICKIES  
ON IT. NEVER SEEN ONE  
QUITE LIKE IT.

YOU'VE  
GOT A  
SALE





NOW GO FIX THAT DISHWASHER LIKE I TOLD YOU YESTERDAY.

NO MORE JUNK, BOBBY. I'M SICK OF IT!







I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BE BACK IN--













YUCK!

PUNT!

HA HA HA HA

CHUK



**KRASH!**



OH, MY.



WHAT THE HELL?

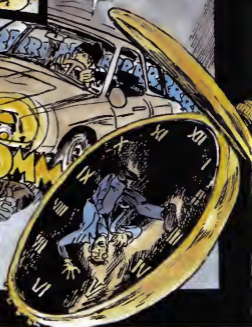
**SUCK**

IT'S NOT LIKE I CAN BRING HIM BACK...AND I HAVE THAT CHARITY PROGRAM.

**GRRRRRR**

**VVROOOOMMM**

**GRIND**  
**CRUNCH**









I DIDN'T SEE  
TA, OFFICER'S...GUN  
RIGHT OUT IN FRONT  
OF ME...WHAT?



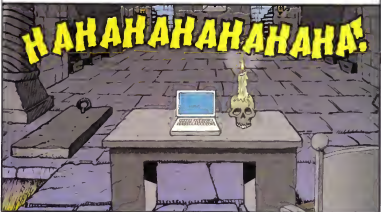
BLIMBY



WEREN'T BAD  
ENOUGH I KILLED  
THE POOD BLOKE, I'VE  
DONE SQUASHED HIS  
TIVE PIECE



DON'T  
FEEL SO BAD,  
GUV'NER THAT  
THERE WAS JACK  
THE RIPPER. BEST  
HE'S OUT OF  
TUNE.



**TERROR**



NO. 7  
ALL-NEW!

# TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

IN THIS ISSUE:  
AN ALL-NEW STORY BY  
**JOE R. LANSDALE &  
JOHN L. LANSDALE**  
TEXAS' TOP TERROR WRITERS!



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WELCOME, KIDDES!  
IT'S YOUR OL' PAL THE  
CRYPT-KEEPER GETTING READY  
TO FILM A COUPLE OF VIDEOS  
FOR YOU FOOMB, THE  
SCARIEST WEBSITE  
OF ALL!

MY FIRST FRIGHTFUL FEATURE, STARS A LOU  
NAMED LOUIS, WHO COULD'VE BEEN A REAL HOLLYWOOD  
MOVIE STAR - THAT IS BEFORE SOMETHING SET IN  
THAT I LIKE TO CALL...

# IGNOBLE POOT



THE FRENCH QUARTER  
AT NIGHT.

YOUR FAVORITE HUNTING  
GROUND, ISN'T IT, LOUIS?

AND YOU'RE IN  
DESPERATE  
NEED OF PREY.



THE TRAVELER'S CHECKS YOU  
STOLE FROM THE PURSE OF  
YOUR LAST MARK ARE JUST  
ABOUT GONE, SO IT'S HIGH  
TIME TO FIND SOME OTHER  
DRUNK, LONELY TOURIST...



...ANY WOMAN, REALLY,  
WITH MORE MONEY THAN  
SELF-ESTEEM...







...IT GETS WORSE.

AT FIRST YOU  
WONDER WHAT  
THESE SLACK-  
JAWED OUT-OF-  
TOWNERS'  
PROBLEM IS...

THEN...

...YOU SEE IT FOR  
YOURSELF.

**GASP!**

**CHOKE!**





WHAT YOU  
SEE IS BAD  
ENOUGH...

...BUT  
IT'S WHAT  
YOU DON'T  
SEE THAT  
TERRIFIES  
YOU!

YOU DON'T  
SEE FOG ON  
THE MIRROR  
FROM YOUR  
BREATH! FOR  
NO MATTER  
HOW HARD  
YOU STRAIN  
YOUR  
LUNGS...



...YOU CANNOT  
BREATHE!

NOR IS THERE A  
PULSE BENEATH  
YOUR WRIST---

---AND THE SKIN IS  
COLD AND GLAMMY  
TO THE TOUCH---  
LIKE RUBBER LEFT  
OUTSIDE OVERNIGHT!

THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE  
EXPLANATION, NO MATTER  
HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT SEEMS:

I- I'M...

I'M  
DEAD!!!



BUT--- SOMEHOW,  
SOME WAY---  
YOU'RE STILL  
MOVING AROUND---

---AND SO THE NAME  
COMES TO YOU  
INSTANTLY, BURNING  
AN INDELIBLE IMPRINT  
INTO YOUR BRAIN!

THAT HIDEOUS OLD WITCH-WOMAN.  
YOU KNOW SHE--- AND ONLY SHE---  
MUST BE RESPONSIBLE.


HER MISTAKE, IF SHE  
TRIED TO KILL YOU  
FROM AFAR, FOR NOT  
FINISHING THE JOB!

BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO DRIVE  
RIGHT OUT TO HER PATHETIC  
SWAMP TRAILER PARK AND BEAT  
HER INTO REVERSING WHATEVER  
HEX SHE'S---

□#@#!

DEDE.

YOU ASSUME IT'S PART OF HER  
CURSE THAT YOU'VE BECOME SO  
CLUMSY ALL OF A SUDDEN---  
THAT YOUR MUSCLES DON'T WANT  
TO DO WHAT YOU TELL THEM TO.



YOU'RE NO CORONER, OF COURSE, NOR DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU DIED WHILE NAPPING IN YOUR FLOPHOUSE OVER THREE HOURS AGO.

SO YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THAT WHEN THE HEART STOPS, GRAVITY IMMEDIATELY BEGINS TO PULL THE STAGNANT BLOOD DOWN, INTO THE LOWER PARTS OF THE BODY...

...IN THIS INSTANCE YOUR FACE, DUE TO YOUR SLEEPING POSITION,


THEY CALL THAT REDDISH-BROWN DISCOLORATION LIVOR MORTIS.

AND THE FACT YOU CAN'T MAKE YOUR MUSCLES DO WHAT YOU WANT THEM TO?



GET IN THERE...  
BLASTED KEYS!!

THAT THEY'RE SO LOOSE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE TRYING TO OPERATE A MARIONETTE WITH CUT STRINGS?



THAT WOULD BE "PRIMARY FLACCIDITY." FREED FROM THE BURDEN OF LIFE, ALL YOUR MUSCLES HAVE GONE COMPLETELY LAX.

INCLUDING YOUR BLADDER MUSCLES...HENCE THE LITTLE "ACCIDENT" BACK AT THE BAR.

SKREEEECH



BUT YOU DON'T KNOW ANY OF THAT.

ALL YOU DO KNOW IS THAT THIS IS DEDE'S FAULT.

DEDE'S--- AND CECILE'S.



CECILE, EVEN MORE INSECURE THAN SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, WHO SAID SHE WAS AN OIL EXECUTIVE'S DAUGHTER TAKING A YEAR OFF FROM BUSINESS SCHOOL AT TULANE...

...THE PERFECT MARK.



IN NO TIME AT ALL, YOU HAD HER EATING OUT OF THE PALM OF YOUR HAND.

TASTE THAT DELICATE SWEETNESS?

THAT COMES FROM WHAT WE CALL "NOBLE ROT" IN THE GRAPE...


SHE WANTED YOU TO MEET HER PARENTS--- A GOOD SIGN. YOU'D BEEN MARRIED SIX TIMES BEFORE... ALL UNDER VARIOUS PSEUDONYMS...

...AND ALWAYS RESULTING IN DIVORCE SETTLEMENTS HIGHLY PLEASING TO YOUR WALLET.



BUT THERE'S NOTHING A PARASITE HATES MORE THAN A HOST NEEDIER THAN IT.

TURNS OUT CECILE WAS LYING ABOUT HER BACKGROUND— SHE WAS REALLY WHITE TRASH FROM SOME CAJUN DUMP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BAYOU...



...COMPLETE WITH A CREEPY OLD GREAT-AUNT, TANTE DEDE, A TRAITLISE OR WITCH-WOMAN, WHO CLAIMED SHE HAD THE POWER TO "STRIKE YOU DOWN" IF YOU "DISRESPECTED" CECILE.

CECILE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D WANT HER IF YOU KNEW THE TRUTH!



SHE GOT THAT RIGHT!

**VRRROARK**

REALLY, YOU WERE DOING HER A FAVOR— SHE'D FIND OUT YOU HAD NO INTEREST IN BEING SOMEBODY ELSE'S MEAL TICKET EVENTUALLY!



BUT APPARENTLY OL' TANTE DEDE DIDN'T SEE IT THAT WAY...



SHE'S STRUCK YOU  
DOWN WITH SOME KIND  
OF DEATH CURSE.

SCENIC  
BAYOU  
AREA  
LAST EXIT


WELL, YOU'LL BE AT HER TRAILER  
WITHIN THE HOUR, THEN SHE'LL BE  
SORRY SHE EVER---



WHA---  
?!

MY  
EYES---

OH, LOOK AT  
THE TIME---  
HOW IT FLIES.



YOU'VE BEEN ON THE ROAD  
FOR A WHILE. IT'S BEEN SIX  
HOURS SINCE YOU DIED.

CHEMICAL CHANGES  
IN YOUR CORPSE  
HAVE CAUSED ALL  
ITS MUSCLES TO  
LOCK IN PLACE.



A CONDITION MORE  
COMMONLY KNOWN AS:

"RIGOR MORTIS."

VVRRRRRROOO MMMM

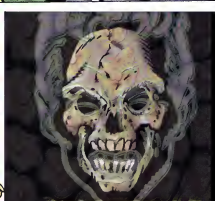




AND IT LASTS  
A WHILE

YOU CAN'T SEE WITH YOUR  
EYELIDS CLAMPED SHUT,  
BUT YOU CAN FEEL THE  
RISING SUN BAKING WHAT'S  
LEFT OF YOU.

WAKING THE MICROBES--- *COLSTRIDIUM  
PUTRIFILUM*--- THAT HAD BEEN LIVING IN YOUR  
FLESH SINCE THE DAY YOU WERE BORN...



...PATIENTLY WAITING FOR YOU  
TO DIE SO THEY CAN BEGIN  
DEVOURING YOU IN THE  
PROCESS OF DECOMPOSITION.





THE BACTERIA AT WORK  
GIVE OFF QUITE AN ODOOR.



A FRAGRANCE  
REPULSIVE TO  
MOST...



...BUT IRRESISTIBLE  
TO OTHERS.



IT GOES ON FOREVER,  
OR SO IT SEEMS.

AND THOUGH YOU  
CANNOT MOVE A  
MUSCLE, YOU ARE  
TOTALLY, HORRIBLY  
AWAKE THROUGH  
ALL OF IT.

WHEN NOT  
SCREAMING IN  
SILENT  
HORROR...



...YOU FANTASIZE  
ABOUT EVERY  
CONCEIVABLE WAY  
TO KILL A CROW.

OF COURSE, BY THE  
TIME THAT HAPPENS...

...YOU ARE  
QUITE MAD.

YOU DON'T EVEN  
EXPRESS ANY GRAT-  
ITUDE WHEN THEY  
RESTORE YOUR  
SIGHT TO YOU.

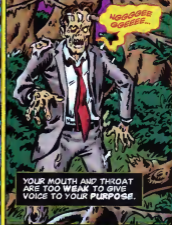


AFTER A DAY OR SO, RIGOR MORTIS FADES INTO SECONDARY FLACCIDITY.



SECONDARY FLACCIDITY IS NOT PRIMARY FLACCIDITY.

YOUR MOVEMENTS ARE NOT MUCH MORE THAN A SHAMBLE.



YOUR MOUTH AND THROAT ARE TOO WEAK TO GIVE VOICE TO YOUR PURPOSE.

BUT IT IS THAT PURPOSE--- IN THE FORM OF A NAME, BRANDED ONTO WHAT REMAINS OF YOUR ROTTING BRAIN...



...THAT CONTINUES TO SPUR YOU FORWARD, LIKE AN URGENT RIDER.



YOU WILL LET NO THING  
SLOW YOUR PROGRESS.

YOU KNOW NEITHER  
FATIGUE... NOR FEAR.



WOULD-BE  
PREDATORS...

...AVOID YOU.

THEY KNOW  
SPOILED MEAT  
WHEN THEY  
SMELL IT.



**INSTINCT TELLS YOU WHEN YOU'VE  
REACHED YOUR DESTINATION...**



**...WHICH IS...**

**...WHERE,  
AGAIN?**



**SO HARD TO  
REMEMBER.**

**THE NOXIOUS FLATULENCE  
OF PUTRESCENT GASES  
ESCAPING YOUR BLOATED  
CORPSE DOES NOT HELP  
YOUR CONCENTRATION.**






YES, YES, HERE YOU ARE, WHERE YOU WANTED TO BE. THAT MUCH YOU CAN RECALL.

HERE, WHERE YOU WANTED TO... TO DO WHAT?




BLAST! THAT'S THE PART YOU'RE MISSING.

COULD IT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT OLD WOMAN?



NO... PROBABLY NOT. YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE IN YOUR 'LIFE.'

HGGG  
EEEG  
GEE...



BEST TO RETURN TO THE SWAMP. THE PRIMORDIAL, ETERNAL STILLNESS OF THE SWAMP.

PERHAPS THERE YOU WILL FIND PEACE.



MGGGN  
NEEHH!!

**SNAP!**



TANTE  
DEDE! TANTE  
DEDE! YOU  
WERE RIGHT!

HE COME  
BACK FOR  
YOU--- JUST  
LIKE YOU SAID  
HE WOULD!

MNEHHH!!



I KNEW IT!  
I KNEW IF I STRUCK  
YOU WITH THE DEATH  
CURSE YOU'D COME  
AFTER ME--- YOU'RE  
THAT TYPE!

HAD TO  
LURE YOU BACK  
HERE---



---SO YOU CAN  
MAKE RIGHT WHAT  
YOU DID!



LEAD  
THE CITY SLICKER  
IN THERE, BOYS!  
DON'T WANT TO  
KEEP EVERYBODY  
WAITING!



YOU'RE GONNA MAKE AN HONEST WOMAN OF MY GRANDNIECE!

AFTER YOU ABANDONED HER---



---CECLE WENT AND DROWNED HERSELF IN THE BAYOU!

BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA GET OFF THAT EASY---



---LEAVING HER IN A FAMILY WAY LIKE THAT!





YOU SWORE YOU'D NEVER BE ANYBODY ELSE'S MEAL TICKET, LOUIS! NOT ANY WOMAN'S--- CERTAINLY NOT ANY CHILD'S---

BUT NOW YOU CAN KISS YOUR PRECIOUS FREEDOM GOODBYE! MIGHT AS WELL SHED A TEAR FOR IT AS IT GOES.



DEARLY BELOVED, WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY...

AFTER ALL, YOU ALWAYS CRY AT WEDDINGS.

UNFORTUNATELY, BY THIS TIME, CALLIPHORA VICINA, THE BLOW FLY, HAS LAID EGGS IN YOUR TEAR DUCTS.



SO ONLY MAGGOTS COME OUT...



NOW, THAT WAS A REAL BADTIME STORY!

MY NEXT ONSLAUGHT OF ONLINE TERROR IS THE TAIL, I MEAN TALE OF TWO HRSUTE HOUSEPETS, ER, I MEAN HOUSEMATES...



GRR!

GRR!

AND I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE VAULT-KEEPER AND THE OLD WITCH IN THEIR CHEAP RUBBER MASKS!



GRR?

GIVE IT UP!

IT'S A STORY THAT STARTS ON THE CITY'S MEAN STREETS! I CALL IT...

**MOONLIGHT SONATA**

IT WAS A PARE HOME RUN FOR ROSCOE LITTLE, HURGED BY PROFESSION, COWARD BY NATURE.

ROSCOE'S "CUSTOMER" IS ONE DRAGO SAVARE, AN UPTOWN MAN TAKING A SHORT CUT ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE BUTCHER SHOP.

PERFECT SHOT, WHICH MEANS HE WON'T BE NEEDING HIS GOODS ANYMORE.

A HOUSE KEY AND A WALLET FULL OF MONEY JACKPOT.



ADDRESS  
ON THE LICENSE  
PRETTY LIPTOWN  
DISG. MIGHT BE  
WORTH CHECKING  
OUT.



LOOKS  
LIKE A  
PACKAGE  
OF MEAT...  
MIGHT AS  
WELL GO  
FOR THE  
WHOLE  
HOB.



LOOKS DARK...  
MAYBE EMPTY.  
THAT WOULD BE  
GOOD.



ONE  
WAY TO  
FIND  
OUT.

A man in a dark cap and jacket is looking towards a woman who is walking up a wooden staircase. The room is dimly lit, with a framed portrait of a woman on the wall above the stairs. A small table with a vase sits on a landing. The man's expression is neutral as he observes her.

JACKPOT

TIME  
TO CHECK  
OUT WHAT'S  
GOING TO  
THE PAWN  
SHOP.

A man in a dark cap and jacket is looking into a room. In the center of the room is a bed with a patterned blanket and a red pillow. The room has a window with curtains and a framed picture on the wall. The lighting is low, creating a somber atmosphere.

NICE...  
AND IF NO  
ONE'S HERE,  
THIS BED WILL  
BEAT SLEEPING  
IN AN ALLEY.

A man in a dark cap and jacket is looking at a rack of clothes. He is holding a dark jacket. The rack is filled with various items of clothing, including shirts and jackets. The scene is dimly lit, with a single light source visible in the background.

ALL  
MEN'S CLOTHES  
MUST LIVE ALONE  
THIS GETS BETTER  
AND BETTER.



TIME  
TO FIND THE  
KITCHEN,  
CHECK OUT  
WHAT'S FOR  
DINNER



BEATS THE  
THROWAWAYS  
AT JOE'S  
GRILL



STEAKS!  
I NEED TO  
BEAN ME  
ONE OF THESE  
GUYS EVERY  
NIGHT.



MAN,  
THAT SMELLS  
GREAT



WHAT THE HELL?

HHROOOOO!

GUY MUST HAVE A DOG

HHROOOOO!

BUT I NEVER HEARD A DOG LIKE THAT

HHROOOOOOOO!



NOPE. NOT DOGS



JUST LIKE  
IN THE HORROR  
MOVIES, WERE-  
WOLVES.



SO  
THAT'S WHO  
THE STEAKS  
WERE FOR.





LATER.

THIS IS THE LIFE...  
EVEN GOT MY OWN EXOTIC PETS

THIS IS GOOD ENOUGH  
FOR THE LIKES  
OF YOU TWO

DUDE  
BEATS THE  
CHEAP  
STUFF

AN EXPENSIVE  
WINE HANGOVER  
IS A LOT LIKE A  
CHEAP WINE  
HANGOVER

MORNING  
ALREADY.



WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO MY WERE-  
WOLVES?




THAT  
WOULD  
BE US.



WHERE'S  
DRAGO?





YOU SURE LOOK BETTER  
WITHOUT ALL THAT HAIR AND  
TEETH, HONEY. AS FOR DRAGO,  
HE AIN'T COMING BACK...



OH, NO.  
HE WAS OUR  
BROTHER, OUR  
PROTECTOR  
WHAT WILL  
WE DO?



I'M IN  
CHARGE NOW  
SO, YOU'LL  
DO WHAT I  
TELL YOU



HAVE  
PITY ON  
US

I'LL HAVE  
WHATEVER I  
WANT, AND THE  
FIRST THING I WANT  
IS TO KNOW HOW  
YOU COME TO  
BE THE FREAKS  
YOU ARE



WILL YOU  
HELP US  
IF WE TELL  
YOU?

I MIGHT,  
YOU NEVER  
KNOW. TELL  
ME.



"WE'RE A FAMILY OF  
ARCHEOLOGISTS,"  
LIKE OUR PARENTS.  
ALL EXCEPT ODSHO



"WE DISCOVERED AN UNDISTURBED  
TOMB IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS.  
A LOCAL TOLD US OF THE PLACE.  
HE WOULD ONLY TAKE US THERE  
WHEN IT WAS NEAR NIGHT."

IT'S THE  
SYMBOL OF  
ANUSIS.

MOST  
DEFINITELY.





IT'S A CURSE  
OF SOME KIND  
SAYS ANUBIS WILL  
SEND HIS MINIONS  
TO AVENGE HIM IF  
THE TOMB IS  
OPENED.

DIRTILIOUS,  
OF COURSE.  
OPEN IT.



TO HELL WITH  
ARCHAEOLOGY!  
WE CAN MAKE A  
FORTUNE.

WE WERE OVERCOME WITH SPEED.



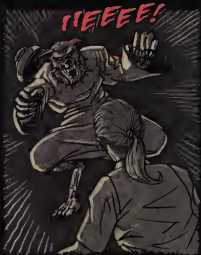
THE  
MOON IS UP...  
AND YOUR  
PATH IS  
BLOCKED.

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
TALKING  
ABOUT?

I AM A  
BISHOP  
OF THIS TOME  
NOW YOU WILL  
BE PUNISHED  
FOR YOUR  
INVASION.



EEEEEE!



"I WAS BITTEN."



"WE WERE BOTH BITTEN."



"BUT BY ACCIDENT WE FOUND  
THE BEAST'S ACHILLE'S HEEL.



"IT WAS SILVER.



"WHEN IT WAS DEAD, WE GAVE  
UP ON THE PLACE AND FLEO.



"WHEN WE RETURNED HOME  
THE CURSE KICKED IN, AND WE  
BECAME AS YOU SAW US."





HOW COME YOU'RE IN THESE CAGES?

TO KEEP US SAFE, AND TO KEEP OTHERS SAFE. JUST BEFORE DAYLIGHT, DRAGO SETS US FREE.

BUT AT NIGHT WE STAY IN THESE CAGES.



WELL, HE AIN'T HERE FOR THAT NOW, IS HE? I LIKE YOU RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE.

AND IF YOU'RE A GOOD LITTLE BOY AND GIRL, I MIGHT JUST KEEP FEEDING YOU. SCRAPS, OF COURSE MIGHT GET YOU MATCHING FLEA COLLARS.

HA! HA! HA!



BUT IN THE MEANTIME, I'M GOING TO LOOT THIS JOINT SIX WAYS FROM SUNDAY.



ROSCOE MADE A NUMBER OF  
TRIPS TO THE PAWNSHOP.



LAYAWAY  
Up to 6 Months



HE WENT METHODICALLY  
FROM ROOM TO ROOM.



WHAT'S  
HE DO WITH  
ALL THESE  
BOOKS?





HEY, THIS IS ABOUT WERE-WOLVES AND VAMPIRES



VAMPIRES CAN'T STAND CROSSES, DAYLIGHT AND THE WOOD FROM A HAWTHORN TREE BUT WHAT I GOT IS WEREWOLVES... LETS GOE

WEREWOLVES ARE SUBJECT TO DISPATCH BY ANYTHING SILVER

HEY, THAT'S WHAT MISSY FANG SAID... BUT WHO CARES? THEY'RE IN A CAGE



NOW, THIS WILL SELL



HEY,  
THESE  
LOOK  
LIKE.



THEY ARE...  
THEY'RE SILVER...  
WELL, OLD DRAGO  
WASN'T ENTIRELY  
TRUSTING OF  
GUESSA AND  
SIS.



THIS  
PLACE  
IS ABOUT  
WORKED  
OUT.



NOW  
TO SEE IF  
THESE BULLETS  
WORK... DON'T  
WANT TO LEAVE ANY  
WITNESSES.

EVEN IF  
THEY ARE  
PART-TIME  
WEE-  
WOLVES.



**RRRR RRRRRH!**

AND  
BEFORE  
I LEAVE I'M  
GOING TO GET  
ME ANOTHER  
BOTTLE OF  
THAT WINE!

LADY  
AND GENT,  
TIME TO SAY  
GOODNIGHT.



**BAM!**  
**BAM!**





YOU...  
HOW...?  
YOU'RE  
DEAD.



THE  
CLUB YOU  
HIT ME WITH...  
MUST HAVE  
BEEN HAWK-  
THORNE

AND,  
YES I'M  
DEAD. I'VE  
BEEN DEAD  
A LONG  
TIME.



SILVER  
GULLETS ARE  
FOR WERE-  
WOLVES



THEY'RE  
NOT  
FOR...

WEEEE!



VAMPIRES!

THE END



ANIMAL LOVERS,  
PLEASE NOTE THAT NO WERE-  
WOLVES WERE ACTUALLY  
MISTREATED IN THE MAKING  
OF THAT VIDEO!

KILLED: YES!  
MISTREATED: NO!



WHA--??

ENOUGH OF THAT,  
SCARENTINO!

**GRAB!**

IT'S TIME TO  
SAY GOOD NIGHT,  
KID-DIES!



BUT BEFORE  
WE PUT THIS ISSUE TO  
OETHBED, I MUST WARN OUR  
ROTTEN READERS NOT TO MISS  
OUR NEXT ISSUE! IT FEATURES  
TWO TERROR-TALES YOU WON'T  
SOON FORGET!

GOOD NIGHT, KIDIES! AND  
PLEASANT SCREAMS!

**HAHAHA!**

TERROR



ENTERTAINMENT

NO. 8  
ALL-NEW!

# TALES FROM THE CRYPT



1 of 2  
COVERS

IN THIS ISSUE!  
AN ALL-NEW STORY BY  
**JOE R. LANSDALE &  
JOHN L. LANSDALE**  
CHAMPION MOJO STORYTELLERS!

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



\$3.95 US

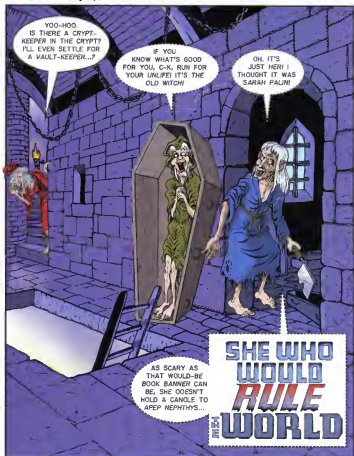


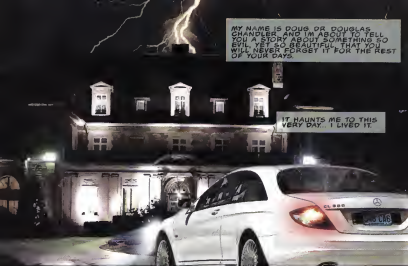
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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR





MY NAME IS DOUG OR DOUGLAS CHANDLER AND I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT SOMETHING SO EVIL, YET SO BEAUTIFUL, THAT YOU WILL NEVER FORGET IT FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS.

IT HAUNTS ME TO THIS VERY DAY. I LIVED IT.



I HADN'T HEARD FROM ALBERT SCOTTSDALE IN YEARS SINCE MEDICAL SCHOOL. HE WAS ONE OF MY PROFESSORS.

A BRILLIANT GENETICIST AND SURGEON, HE WAS MY MENTOR AND SOON AFTER A FRIEND.

RECENTLY HE CALLED UP AND ASKED ME TO COME TO HIS HOME AND PRIVATE CLINIC TO SEE HIM WITH NO EXPLANATION.



DOUG, COME IN. HOW ARE YOU MY BOY?

HELLO, ALBERT. YOU'RE LOOKING WELL.



AH! WHOA, GIRL, DOWN GIRL.



WAIT A MIN...

HER HIP HER LEG, THEY'RE WORKING.

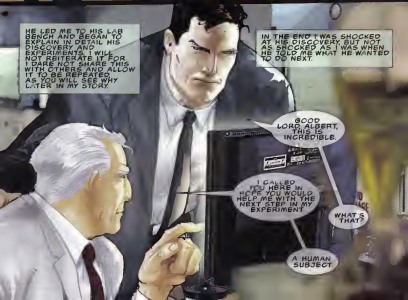
ALBERT, HOW CAN THAT BE?



THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU HERE.

I'VE FOUND A WAY TO ALLOW A LIVING CREATURE TO ADAPT TO AUTOMATICALLY CHANGE AT A GENETIC LEVEL TO ADAPT TO ANY PHYSICAL DAMAGE INJURY OR DISEASE.

BUT HOW?



HE LED ME TO HIS LAB BENCH AND BEGAN TO EXPLAIN IN DETAIL HIS DISCOVERY AND EXPERIMENTS. I WILL NOT REITERATE IT FOR I DARE NOT SHARE THIS WITH OTHERS AND ALLOW IT TO BE REPEATED AS YOU WILL SEE WHY LATER IN MY STORY.

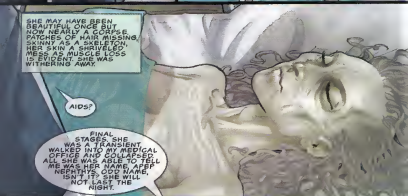
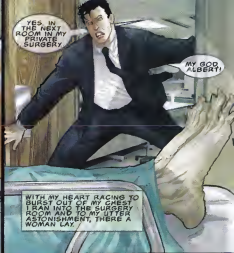
IN THE END I WAS SHOCKED AT HIS DISCOVERY, BUT NOT AS SHOCKED AS I WAS WHEN HE TOLD ME WHAT HE WANTED TO DO NEXT.

GOOD LORD, ALBERT, THIS IS INCREDIBLE.

I CALLED YOU HERE IN HOPE YOU WOULD HELP ME WITH THE NEXT STEP IN MY EXPERIMENT

WHAT'S THAT?

A HUMAN SUBJECT





MISS NEPHTHYS, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY FRIEND AND ONE OF THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST YOUNG DOCTORS TODAY.

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE TRYING TO HOOK ME UP WITH A LITTLE LATE, DON'T YOU THINK DOC?

MISS NEPHTHYS, I...

WELL HEY HAND SOME

HUH... WHAT'S THAT MISS NEPHTHYS?

UMMMM DON'T BE SO BASHFUL, YOU ARE VERY HANDSOME

MISS NEPHTHYS, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE FULLY AWARE OF WHAT DR SCOTT'S DALE IS ASKING OF YOU?

WE WHA WHAT ARE MY THE ODDS?

ODDS? WELL YOU MAY NOT SURVIVE THE NIGHT, IF IT FAILS, NOTHING CHANGES, BUT IF IT WORKS...



YOU SURE KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO CHARM A GIRL

IM ALL YOURS, HAND SOME

WH WHERE DO I SIGN UP?

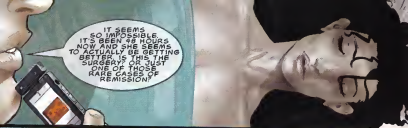


THE SURGERY TOOK 7 HOURS. I COULDN'T BELIEVE HOW ALBERT CAME UP WITH HIS PROCEDURE. IT WAS FRIGHTENING IN ITS GENIUS. I JUST HOPED ALBERT WASN'T OUR MODERN-AGED FRANKENSTEIN.

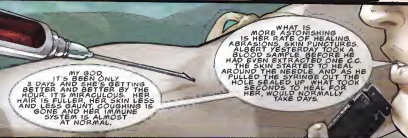
FOR AFEP WAS TOO BEAUTIFUL TO BE A MONSTER.

OR SO I THOUGHT.





IT SEEMS SO IMPOSSIBLE. IT'S BEEN 48 HOURS NOW AND SHE SEEMS TO ACTUALLY BE GETTING BETTER. IS THIS THE SURGERY OR JUST ONE OF THOSE RARE CASES OF REMISSION?

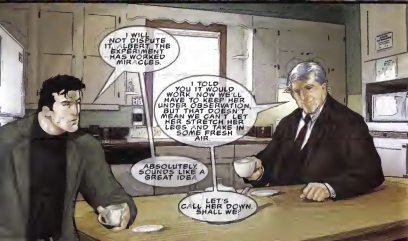


MY GOD, IT'S BEEN ONLY 3 DAYS AND SHE'S GETTING BETTER AND BETTER BY THE HOUR. IT'S MIRACULOUS. HER HAIR IS FULLER, HER SKIN LESS AND LESS GAUNT, COUGHING IS GONE AND HER IMMUNE SYSTEM IS ALMOST AT NORMAL.

WHAT IS MORE ASTONISHING IS HER RATE OF HEALING. ABRASIONS, SKIN PUNCTURES. ALBERT YESTERDAY TOOK A BLOOD SAMPLE BEFORE HE HAD EVEN EXTRACTED ONE C.C. THE SKIN STARTED TO HEAL AROUND THE NEEDLE AND AS HE PULLED THE SYRINGE OUT THE HOLE SEALED UP. WHAT TOOK SECONDS TO HEAL FOR HER, WOULD NORMALLY TAKE DAYS.



IT'S BEEN A WEEK AND TWO DAYS SINCE THE SURGERY AND THE HIV SEEMS TO BE COMPLETELY INERT. A CURE FOR AIDS. IT'S ALMOST UNFATHOMABLE, BUT SHE IS THE PROOF. HOW FAR CAN THIS GO?



I WILL NOT DISPUTE IT, ALBERT. THE EXPERIMENT HAS WORKED. MIRACLES.

I TOLD YOU IT WOULD WORK. NOW WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP HER UNDER OBSERVATION, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE CAN'T LET HER STRETCH HER LEGS AND TAKE IN SOME FRESH AIR.

ABSOLUTELY SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT IDEA.

LET'S CALL HER DOWN. SHALL WE?



I'M  
ALREADY  
PRESENT  
DOCTOR

AH MISS  
NEPHTHS, NICE  
TO SEE YOU UP  
AND ABOUT.

I FEEL  
EXCELLENT.  
THANK  
YOU.

OH  
HELLO, HAND-  
SOME..

HELLO, APEP



I HAVE  
SOME PLEASANT  
NEWS DOUG HERE  
IS GOING TO TAKE  
FOR A WALK IN  
THE PARK

OH?

YES,  
DOUG IS  
DROPPING  
ME OFF AT THE  
HOSPITAL NEARBY  
AND YOU CAN TAG  
ALONG, SOUND  
GOOD MY  
DEAR?

ABSOLUTELY



OKAY YOU  
TWO, THE PARK  
IS ACROSS THE  
STREET.


APEP  
YOU JUST GO  
AHEAD I'D LIKE  
TO TALK TO DOUG A  
MOMENT IF YOU FEEL  
TIRED AT ALL THERE  
ARE NICE BENCHES  
THERE FOR YOU  
TO SIT AND  
REST

GLADLY




APEP  
MENTIONED  
HAVING NO FAMILY  
OR FRIENDS SO I AM  
GOING TO CONTINUE  
TO LET HER STAY  
AT THE HOUSE  
FOR A TIME.


THAT'S  
A FINE  
IDEA.



"WE CAN OBSERVE THE FURTHER EFFECTS OF THE PROCEDURE."




"I CAN PAY HER ROOM AND BOARD AS WELL AS GIVING HER 250 A WEEK, SO IT GIVES HER THE OPPORTUNITY TO START HER NEW LIFE ON A POSITIVE NOTE."



"YOU'RE RIGHT, ALBERT. SHE DESERVES IT AFTER THE ORDEAL SHE HAS GONE THROUGH AND IT WILL HELP HER FEEL BETTER ABOUT BEING OUR LITTLE GUINEA FIG."



"OKAY, AGREED. SPEAK TO HER ABOUT IT AS YOU TWO WALK THE PARK AND I'M SURE SHE'LL ACCEPT."



"GO ON, CATCH UP WITH HER BEFORE SHE GETS HERSELF INTO TROUBLE ON HER FIRST DAY OUT."



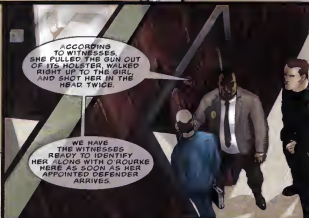




SO SHE JUST TOOK OFFICER O'ROURKE'S GUN AND...

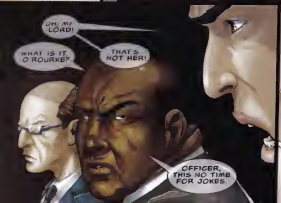


...SHOT A WOMAN DOWN.



ACCORDING TO WITNESSES, SHE PULLED THE GUN OUT OF ITS HOLSTER, WALKED RIGHT UP TO THE GIRL, AND SHOT HER IN THE HEAD TWICE.

WE HAVE THE WITNESSES READY TO IDENTIFY HER ALONG WITH O'ROURKE HERE AS SOON AS HER APPOINTED DEFENDER ARRIVES.



OH, MY LORD!

WHAT IS IT, O'ROURKE?

THAT'S NOT HER!

OFFICER, THIS NO TIME FOR JOKES.



SIR, I'M TELLING YOU THAT IS NOT THE WOMAN I ARRESTED





MY GOD, YOU MEAN YOU DID MURDER THAT WOMAN?!

MURDER?!

YOU CALL IT MURDER? DO YOU CALL A TIGRESS KILLING AN ELK, MURDER? DO YOU CALL A FALCON KILLING A RODENT MURDER?

WHAT I'M SAYING, HANDSOME, IS THAT IT'S THE ORDER OF THE SPECIES. SHE WAS AS BEAUTIFUL AS I AND I DIDN'T LIKE IT. SHE WAS WEAK, I WAS STRONG, I WAS THE VICTOR. SHE WAS MY INFERIOR.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?



SO YOU ARE SUPERIOR THEN?

YOU SHOULD KNOW, HANDSOME. YOU HELPED MAKE ME WHAT I AM NOW.



APEP HOW CAN YOU...?

SILENCE. I DO NOT WISH TO SPEAK OF IT ANYMORE. I'M TIRED AND I'M GOING TO APPROPRIATE DR. SCOTTSDALE'S BEDROOM.

I WATCHED HER WALK UP THE STAIRS AND THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW HER BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED.

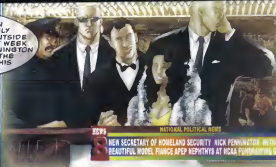
THE NEXT MORNING SHE WAS GONE.

WE READ ABOUT HER EXPLOITS IN THE NEWS, AND FOUR YEARS LATER, WE SAW HER ON TELEVISION.

BEHIND ME IS THE WHITE HOUSE, WHERE THE NEWLY APPOINTED SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY, FORMER US ATTORNEY GENERAL NICK PENNINGTON IS IN CONFERENCE WITH THE PRESIDENT.



HERE WE SEE NICK PENNINGTON HIMSELF WITH HIS LOVELY FIANCE, APEP NEPHTHYS, OUTSIDE A BENEFIT GALA HELD LAST WEEK, AS YOU ALREADY KNOW PENNINGTON WAS APPOINTED AFTER THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF HIS PREDECESSOR.



NATIONAL POLITICAL NEWS  
NEWS  
NEW SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY NICK PENNINGTON WITH BEAUTIFUL MODEL FIANCE APEP NEPHTHYS AT NICAA FUNDRAISING

SHE'S BEEN MARRIED THREE TIMES IN THE LAST FOUR YEARS, TWO HUSBANDS MYSTERIOUSLY DIE AND ONE COMMITTED TO AN INSTITUTION, ALL LEAVING THEIR FORTUNES TO HER.

AMASSING THIS GREAT WEALTH, BUT TO WHAT END?

MOST DEFINITELY NOT A COINCIDENCE.

WITH HER NEW INVOLVEMENT WITH THIS NICK PENNINGTON PERSON, OBVIOUSLY SOMETHING THAT MAY THREATEN THE FREE WORLD.

IT'S JUST HARD TO THINK THAT I...

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF YOU HAD NO IDEA THIS WOULD HAPPEN. IT'S ALMOST TOO UNBEL...

DING DONG

I'LL GO GET THE DOOR.



APEP!

YOU KNOW I HAVE I...

...WHAT ABOUT YOUR FIANCE?

NICK? WE'RE GOING FOR A CONFERENCE IN IRAQ TO MEET WITH THE PRIME MINISTER. MORE TALK ON THE NEW DEMOCRACY.

FUNNY WORD IN A WORLD LIKE THIS ISN'T IT? PEACE IS NOT IN HUMAN NATURE I WENT ON AHEAD HE WILL CALL FOR ME HERE IN THE MORNING.

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT ARE YOU IN LOVE WITH HIM? DID YOU EVEN FEEL FOR ANY OF THE OTHERS?

BEFORE YOU DESTROYED THEM?

IF I WANTED LOVE I WOULD COME TO YOU, HANDSOME. DON'T LOOK SO BASHFUL. HOW COULD I NOT NOTICE THE WAY YOU LOOK AT ME?

THEN WHAT IS IT? THE MONEY?

MONEY?

WHAT'S A GODDESS NEED WITH MONEY?

GODDESS? IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE?

THAT'S WHAT YOU MADE ME. I'M THE MOST POWERFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD THANKS TO YOU AND DR SCOTTSDALE. I NOW DICTATE LIFE AND DEATH. I HAVE POWERS BEYOND NORMAL MAN. IS THAT NOT WHAT MAKES A GODDESS?

NICK PENNINGTON, HE IS SUPPOSED TO BE SOMEONE SO IMPORTANT. IN CHARGE OF KEEPING AMERICA SAFE. BUT TO ME HE IS ONLY A PUPPET AND I PULL THE STRINGS. WITH HIM I'LL HOLD THE FATE OF THE WORLD IN MY HANDS.

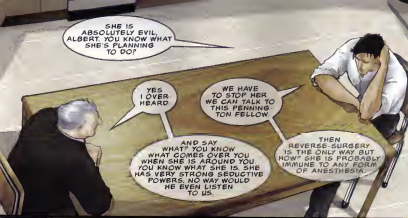
IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE AFTER? THE WORLD?

IS IT NOT WHAT A GODDESS IS MEANT FOR? THE WORLD WILL BOW DOWN TO ME. WILL YOU RULE AT MY SIDE, HANDSOME?

APEP YOU'RE EVIL.

EVIL? TOO BAD YOU HADN'T REALIZED THAT WHEN YOU DECIDED TO HELP DR SCOTTSDALE APEP IN MY NATIVE LANGUAGE, IS THE VERY PERSONIFICATION OF EVIL. MY MOTHER KNEW IT THE DAY HER EYES FIRST MET MINE. SHE NAMED ME AT THAT VERY MOMENT WHEN SHE WHISPERED THE WORD APEP.

ANYWAY, NICK WILL COME FOR ME IN THE MORNING. I NEED TO REST UNTIL THEN. I'M GOING TO DR SCOTTSDALE'S ROOM FOR THE NIGHT. MY OFFER STILL STANDS, HANDSOME.



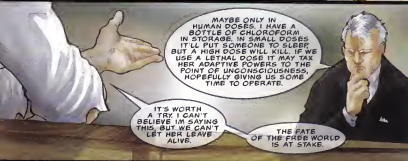
SHE IS ABSOLUTELY EVIL, ALBERT. YOU KNOW WHAT SHE'S PLANNING TO DO?

YES I OVER HEARD

WE HAVE TO STOP HER WE CAN TALK TO THIS PENNINGTON FELLOW

AND SAY WHAT? YOU KNOW WHAT COMES OVER YOU WHEN SHE IS AROUND YOU YOU KNOW WHAT SHE IS. SHE HAS VERY STRONG SEDUCTIVE POWERS. NO WAY WOULD HE EVEN LISTEN TO US.

THEN REVERSE-SURGERY IS THE ONLY WAY BUT HOW? SHE IS PROBABLY IMMUNE TO ANY FORM OF ANESTHESIA.



MAYBE ONLY IN HUMAN DOSES. I HAVE A BOTTLE OF CHLOROFORM IN STORAGE. IN SMALL DOSES IT'LL PUT SOMEONE TO SLEEP BUT A HIGH DOSE WILL KILL. IF WE USE A LETHAL DOSE IT MAY TAX HER ADAPTIVE POWERS TO THE POINT OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, HOPEFULLY GIVING US SOME TIME TO OPERATE.

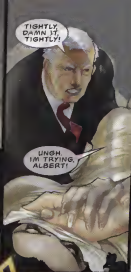
IT'S WORTH A TRY I CAN'T BELIEVE IM SAYING THIS, BUT WE CAN'T LET HER LEAVE ALIVE.

THE FATE OF THE FREE WORLD IS AT STAKE.

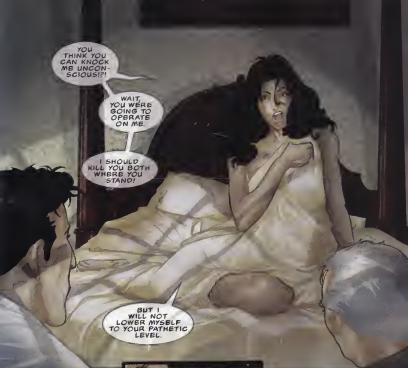


OKAY, NOW PUT IT OVER HER FACE. I'LL HELP HOLD HER DOWN.

AT THAT DOSAGE IT SHOULD ONLY TAKE A FEW MOMENTS TO TAKE EFFECT.







YOU THINK YOU CAN KNOCK ME UNCONSCIOUS?!

WAIT, YOU WERE GOING TO OPERATE ON ME.

I SHOULD KILL YOU BOTH WHERE YOU STAND!

BUT I WILL NOT LOWER MYSELF TO YOUR PATHETIC LEVEL.



IS THIS WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, DOCTOR?

WAS THIS PLAN 'B'?

WERE YOU GOING TO SLIT MY THROAT WITH IT?



WE'LL LOOK.

WATCH HOW YOUR FUTILE ATTEMPT WOULD HAVE FAILED.



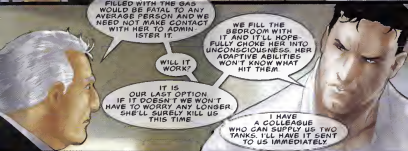
THERE! YOU SEE?!

NOW GET OUT! LEAVE ME TO MY SLUMBER. NICK WILL BE CALLING FOR ME IN THE MORNING.



MY GOD, DOUG, DID YOU SEE HER EYES? SHE IS NO LONGER HUMAN. SHE IS BEYOND OUR STOPPING HER. SHE IS INVINCIBLE. WILL NOTHING STOP HER??

CARBON DIOXIDE.



OF COURSE YES, A ROOM FILLED WITH THE GAS WOULD BE FATAL TO ANY AVERAGE PERSON AND WE NEED NOT MAKE CONTACT WITH HER TO ADMINISTER IT.

WILL IT WORK?

WE FILL THE BEDROOM WITH IT AND IT'LL HOPEFULLY CHOKE HER INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS. HER ADAPTIVE ABILITIES WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM.

IT IS OUR LAST OPTION. IF IT DOESN'T WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ANY LONGER. SHE'LL SURELY KILL US THIS TIME.

I HAVE A COLLEAGUE WHO CAN SUPPLY US TWO TANKS. I'LL HAVE IT SENT TO US IMMEDIATELY.



OKAY. THE DOOR CRACK AND THE VENTS INSIDE ARE SEALED.

...AND WITH CAULKING AROUND THE OUTSIDE OF THE WINDOW.

THE ROOM'S AS AIRTIGHT AS IT'S GOING TO GET

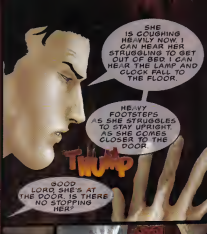
ANY MOMENT NOW, DOUG, THE GAS SHOULD BE FILLING THE ROOM AND SOON START TAKING EFFECT ON APER



THERE SHOULD BE ENOUGH CONCENTRATION OF CARBON DIOXIDE INSIDE BY NOW WHERE THE AVERAGE PERSON WOULD SURELY BE DEAD

CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING YET.

WAIT, SHE'S STARTING TO COUGH.



SHE IS COUGHING HEAVILY NOW. I CAN HEAR HER STRUGGLING TO GET OUT OF BED. I CAN HEAR THE LAMP AND CLOCK FALL TO THE FLOOR.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS AS SHE STRUGGLES TO STAY UPRIGHT. AS SHE COMES CLOSER TO THE DOOR.

**THUMP**

GOOD LORD SHE'S AT THE DOOR. IS THERE NO STOPPING HER?



**THUMP**

DOUG, PLEASE. DON'T KILL ME.

**KOFF** PLEASE, I'M NOT REALLY EVIL. JUST A CONFUSED CHILD. **KOFF** **KOFF** **KOFF** **KOFF**

DO NOT LISTEN TO HER, DOUG. FIGHT OFF HER INFLUENCE.



**KOFF** DOUG, I LOVE YOU PLEASE. **KOFF**



**THUMP**

**KOFF** IF YOU LOVE ME PLEASE SAVE ME. **KOFF** **KOFF** **KOFF**

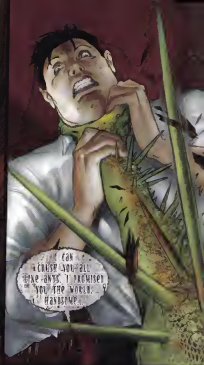
**NO!!** I WON'T LISTEN!



**INGRATES!**



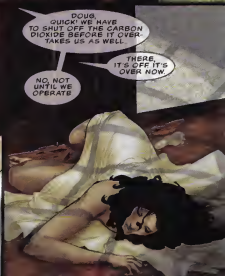
YOU PATRIOTIC  
TUMENS - YOU HATE  
NO TING WHAT YOU ARE  
DEALING WITH.



THE CAN  
A CRUISE YOU'LL  
BONE JANTS. I PROMISED  
YOU THE WORLD.  
HANDSOME.



AND  
THIS IS HOW  
YOU R RE  
PA



DOUG,  
QUICK! WE HAVE  
TO SHUT OFF THE CARBON  
DIOXIDE BEFORE IT OVER-  
TAKES US AS WELL.

NO, NOT  
UNTIL WE  
OPERATE

THERE,  
IT'S OFF IT'S  
OVER NOW.



THIS IS HOW THE STORY ENDS.

WE WERE ABLE TO DO THE PROCEDURE WITHOUT INCIDENT.



SHE REVERTED BACK TO HER ORIGINAL STATE. THE AIDS HAD COMPLETELY OVERCOME HER.

IT WAS FOR THE BETTER. WE DID SAVE MANKIND.



THEN WHY DID I FEEL SO BAD?

WELL, SHE WAS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING.



I WAS IN LOVE WITH HER. AND MAYBE IN HER OWN TWISTED WAY SHE LOVED ME.

I ALMOST TOOK HER UP ON HER OFFER TO RULE BY HER SIDE.



IT WOULDN'T HAVE WORKED OUT ANYWAY.


AFTER ALL, I AM ONLY HUMAN.



HAI! SEE WHAT HAPPENS  
WHEN A GAL TRUSTS  
THE WRONG  
TWO GUYS!?



BUT STILL  
-- THAT  
TALE TRULY  
INSPIRED  
ME!



FOLKS ARE ALWAYS SCHEMIN' TO HOLD OTHERS  
DOWN! LET ME TELL YOU, EVEN THE CRYPT-KEEPER  
AND THE VAULT-KEEPER ARE PART OF A GHOUL-  
OLD BOYS CLUB THAT LOVES KEEPING A GOOD  
WOMAN DOWN! AFTER ALL, THEY'VE GOT  
CRYPTS AND VAULTS TO KEEP --  
WHAT DO I HAVE?!

I NEED TO  
WHIP UP A BATCH OF  
DL' DDC SCOTTSDALE'S  
SPECIAL POTION! BUT I'LL  
NEED TWO SPECIAL  
INGREDIENTS!

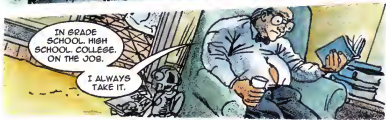
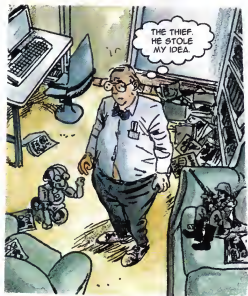
BUT POWER-HUNGRY  
PREDATORS DON'T JUST PREY UPON  
WOMEN! ANYONE THEY DEEM TO BE WEAK IS FAIR  
GAME! TAKE STANLEY POTTS, FOR EXAMPLE! ALL HE  
HAD WAS A SIMPLE  
DREAM, AND AN  
OPPORTUNISTIC CO-  
WORKER STOLE IT!  
IT'S ALL LOVINGLY  
LAID OUT IN...

**VIRTUAL  
HOO DOO**



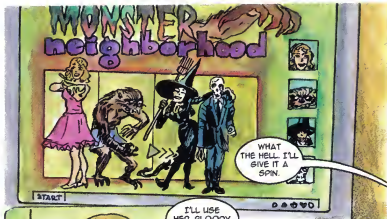




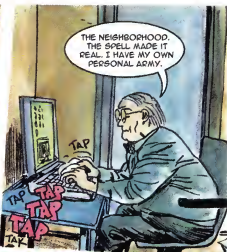
















SOON AS I CASH THIS CHECK I'M GOING TO BUY ME A BETTER SPORTS CAR, AND A BLONDE TO GO WITH IT.



AND WITH MY MAGIC SPELL, I CAN MOVE HIM TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.



WELCOME TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.







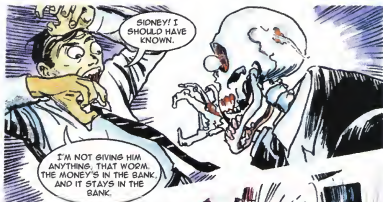


HELLO, IN  
THERE. WELCOMING  
COMMITTEE.

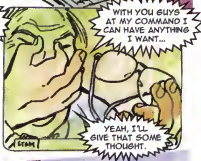
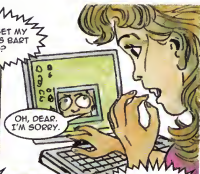
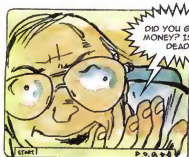


SIDNEY  
WANTS HIS  
MONEY.





















YOU KNOW, IT SURE WAS NICE OF THE OLD WITCH TO INVITE US INTO THIS HOT TUB! MAYBE WE MISJUDGED HER!

I COULD BE MISERABLY MISTAKEN, BUT I'M STARTING TO SUSPECT THIS AIN'T NO HOT TUB! THAT IF WE CAN'T GET OUT NOW - WE'RE SOUP!

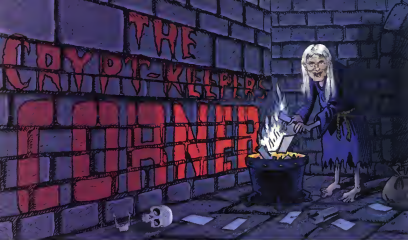
LIKE ANYONE WOULD WANT A BOWL OF CREAM OF CRYPT-KEEPER SOUP!

YOU EVER-GAGGING GHOULS ARE VITAL INGREDIENTS IN MY SPECIAL POWER-POTION!

=GASP=  
=CHUCKE!

AS MUCH AS TO LOVE TO STAY AND BECOME SECRET SAUCE, WITCHE-POO, MY PALE SKIN IS GETTING ALL PRUNY - AND I'M SURE YOU DON'T WANT PRUNES IN YOUR RECIPE!

SO, LET'S MEET AGAIN NEXT TIME, KIDDIES, IN TALES FROM THE CRYPT #9! AND REMEMBER, DON'T UPSET ANY WITCHES IF YOU WANT TO STAY OUT OF HOT WATER! HEY, I'M DYING HERE!



*Gruesome greetings, my fellow Americans! It's me, your non-political Crypt-Keeper, with a somewhat SHRUNKEN SELECTION OF FEARLESS FEEDBACK from our CREEPY CONSTITUENTS. Seems like our usually tight-lipped editorial types are eager to spout off on a topic we're super-sensitive about around these parts. Ironic, isn't it? In order for them to talk about censorship, we have to silence a few of our EEINDISH fans from expressing their un-DYING admiration for their favorite HORROR comicbook!*

*But while the POWERS-THAT-BE around here may be a benevolent dictatorship, we've always run this letters column as a true DEMON-ocracy, er, I mean, democracy, letting you the rotten readers VOTE every issue for your favorite stories. It was a close race this time around with "Ignoble Rot" by writer Fred Van Lente and artist Mort Todd just squeaking past "Moonlight Sonata" by writers Joe and John Lansdale and artist Chris Noeth. Not much of a surprise really, as ZOMBIES are hotter than ever these days.*

*I'd normally tell you all about our fifth frightful collection of TALES FROM THE CRYPT stories published in paperback and hardcover by Papercutz, but that'll just have to wait till next issue. Or you can simply check out the ad on our back cover. But if we're going to squeeze any mail in, we better do so now...*

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I was recently at my local mall, and in the center plaza was a temporary comic vendor. He had all kinds of comic collectibles. I walked straight up to him and asked him for the EC comics. He pulled down a stack of EC originals. It was amazing. He even had THE CRYPT OF TERROR issue two. I told him I wanted to buy them so bad but I didn't have the money. He pointed me to a box of horror comics with some 1990 reprints. I scratched the only two CRYPTS he had. Even though the new ones are nothing like them, I still love them. I would be so happy if you could revise THE HAUNT OF FEAR and THE VAULT OF HORROR. Maybe even make

them for a more mature audience...?) Or maybe you could reprint originals. Even if you don't, I'm still going to keep buying TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Congratulations and thank you for reviving a series I grew up on.

Sincerely,  
Johnny Bailey

*Tell me, Johnny, did the Vault-Keeper or the The Old Witch put you up to this? Those two will stoop to any level to get their mags back! And in case you didn't know, all of the original EC comics are being reprinted as beautiful big full-color hardcover books by the geeks over at Gemstone Publishing. You can buy the first few years of TALES FROM THE CRYPT (as well as THE HAUNT OF FEAR, THE VAULT OF HORROR, and many more) for a mere \$49.95 per volume – a lot cheaper than trying to get the original back issues!*

Keep those emails and letters coming – we get so lonely here in the Crypt of Terror! Send letters to:

The Crypto-Keeper's Corner  
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308  
New York, NY 10005

Or email your comments to the Old Editor at:  
salicrup@papercutz.com

And be sure to visit [papercutz.com](http://papercutz.com) for the latest TALES FROM THE CRYPT news!

## SUBSCRIPTIONS!

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# A SPECIAL EDITORIAL

BY CATHY GAINES MIFSUD

Before we begin, we need to make something very clear. TALES FROM THE CRYPT is not endorsing any political candidates or parties. We respect our readers' intelligence, and for those of you old enough to vote, we encourage you to do so for the candidates of your choice.

Nor are we attacking any candidates. This issue's alternate cover, featuring Gov. Sarah Palin, is our version of a political cartoon. It's simply expressing our reaction whenever we hear anything about book banning -- it's truly frightening to us. Also, and this is very important, it's very unclear whether those early reports about Sarah Palin, looking into banning books from a library back when she was the mayor of Wasilla, Alaska, are true or not. We, of course, certainly hope that they're indeed untrue.

Why is book banning frightening to us? Surely, we can't possibly object to anyone keeping objectionable material out of the hands of impressionable children. Well...

You see, from 1950 to 1956 my father, William M. Gaines, published the original TALES FROM THE CRYPT comicbooks, as well as the rest of the entire EC line of comics, which included THE HAUNT OF FEAR, THE VAULT OF HORROR, WEIRD SCIENCE, SHOCK SUSPENSORIES, TWO-FISTED TALES, WEIRD FANTASY, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY, CRIME SUSPENSORIES, and one called MAD. Dad hired the very best writers, artists, and editors in the field, and even now, over 50 years later, those comics are still considered to be shining examples of some of the best comics ever created.

Unfortunately, during the height of the success of the EC horror titles, there was a movement to ban these comics, based on the misguided notion that they were somehow turning children into juvenile delinquents. Just like some politicians today try to blame video games and rap music for all sorts of social ills and for being a negative influence, back then EC comics were the target. There were newspaper and magazine articles, investigations, and finally, a Comics Code was created, a code that meant the end of almost the entire EC line of comics. Only MAD, which was turned into a magazine, managed to survive.

Now, if you actually look at and read those old EC comics, the only thing that might actually shock you is how incredibly tame they are by today's standards. Take a look at the hardcover collections of TALES FROM THE CRYPT published by Gemstone, and look closely at those stories, and you'll see that you'll be hard-pressed to find a single drop of blood. Sure, the stories were scary -- that's what they were intended to be. But they were scary in the same way that classic fairy tales are scary, or even stories from the Bible. Usually the stories were about someone who did something wrong, and how their victims were somehow avenged.

Now, does that mean we believe that every book ever published should be available to any reader of any age? Of course not! Certainly every bookstore and library has

the responsibility to make sure no unsuitable material ever winds up in the hands of children. And certainly, every bookseller has the right to decide to sell or not sell whatever they choose. The challenge is always determining exactly what is and isn't suitable for children.

When we decided to relaunch TALES FROM THE CRYPT with Papercutz, there were fans of the original comic that were surprised that we chose a publisher known for their all-ages graphic novels. Those fans wanted a new TALES FROM THE CRYPT series that would push the boundaries of modern horror, going places no TALES FROM THE CRYPT comic had ever gone before. Now, there's certainly nothing wrong with that, but we decided to go with Papercutz because we wanted TALES FROM THE CRYPT to be what the original comic was always meant to be, a scary comic for all-ages, with the very best writing and artwork possible. So, here we are, over fifty years after the original TALES FROM THE CRYPT comic was launched, and we're back trying to create a comic that we hope folks fifty years from now will still be talking about.

We certainly understand the desire to protect children from unsuitable material, but we don't believe that banning books is the answer. As the situation exists today, both librarians and booksellers act very responsibly to assure that children are not exposed to anything objectionable. Protecting children, is usually the excuse given when another agenda may be at work. As far as we can tell, teachers, parents, librarians, and booksellers are doing a great job of making sure children are indeed protected. What usually seems to be behind banning books is an attempt to repress ideas that may offer alternative political views. This is not only un-American -- blatantly violating the very concept of free speech -- but it is assuming that people are unable to come to their own informed conclusions about controversial subjects. And how could they, if only one side of a debate is presented, while literature expressing opposing views are suppressed? Banning books represents a lack of faith in the intelligence of our fellow citizens to think for themselves.

In 1990, the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund, was incorporated as a non-profit charitable organization to fight censorship and defend the first amendment rights of comic book professionals throughout the United States. If you support free speech and love comicbooks, may we suggest you consider joining this noble organization? For full details, go to [www.chldf.org](http://www.chldf.org). I only wish they were around when my father could've used their help.

With all that said, we still like to believe that we're living in a world that recognizes that children love a good scary story, and that if it's told responsibly with good taste, it sparks their imaginations and they become the next generation of such amazing creators as George Lucas, Stephen Spielberg, Stephen King, and R.L. Stine -- all former EC comics readers.

*Thank You,*

*Cathy Gaines Mifsud*

*President William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc.*

# E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEN!  
YOU'VE E-MAILED!  
YOU'VE PHONED!  
YOU'VE THREATENED US!  
**YOU'VE DEMANDED!**  
(BUT WE'RE COMING OUT WITH  
THESE COLLECTIONS ANYWAY!)



COLLECTING STORIES BY BILGREY, CABRAL, MR.EXES, GNIEWEK,  
HUDSON, KAPLAN, KLEID, LANSDALE, LOBDELL, MANNION,  
MARTINEZ, MCGREGOR, MURASE, NOETH, PETRUCHA, ROMBERGER,  
SIMMONS, SMITH 3, TODD, VELILLA and VOLLMAR!

ON SALE NOW AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE!

WildBlueZero



# PAPERCUTZ

PROUDLY PRESENTS THE NERVE-WRACKING,  
PALIN-FREE NINTH ISSUE OF THE ALL-NEW...

# TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES.



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REEO CRANOALL, JOHNNY CRAIG, JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, GEORGE  
EVANS, GRAHAM INGELS, JACK KAMEN, BERNIE KRIGSTEIN, HARVEY  
KURTZMAN, JOE ORLANDO, GEORGE ROUSSOS, MARIE SEVERIN, AL  
WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"CHICKEN MAN"

JOHN L. LANSOALE  
WRITER

JAMES ROMBERGER &  
MARGUERITE VAN COOK  
ARTISTS

MARK LERER  
LETTERER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

"GLASS HEAOS"

FREO VAN LENTE  
WRITER

RYAN DUNLAVEY  
ARTIST

GHOULUNATICS SEQUENCES

JIM SALICRUP  
WRITER

RICK PARKER  
ARTIST/TITLE LETTERER/COLOR

MARK LERER  
LETTERER

STEVEN MANNION  
COVER ARTIST

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MICHAEL PETRANEX  
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

TERRY NANTIER



THE PUBLISHER

JIM SALICRUP



THE OLD EDITOR

Caricatures by Rick Parker.



TERROR



WALDEMAR

NO. 9  
ALL-NEW!



# TALES FROM THE CRYPT

IN THIS ISSUE:  
**"CHICKEN MAN"**  
BY LANSDALE & ROMBERGER!

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



\$3.95 US

09



7189645306

# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

WELCOME BACK, BOORS AND GHOULS, TO THE NEW AND IMPROVED CRYPT OF TERROR FEATURING MY CAULDRON OF CHILLS! IF YOU WERE EXPECTING THE DECEPIT CRYPT-KEEPER AND THE VAGUOUS VAULT-KEEPER TO GREET YOU, THEY'RE HELPING ME COOK UP A REAL POT-BOILER FOR YOU!

»GLASPY GLUGGI  
CHOKER!«

QUET!

**BONK!**

PESKY INGREDIENTS! BUT WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT WHEN YOU'RE COOKING UP CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE HORROR FAN?

AND IT'S NOT GETTING CHICKENS! JUST ASK WILL BENOER, BETTER KNOWN AS...

**CHICKEN  
MAN**



MY NAME'S WILL  
BENDER

I HEARD  
THE VOODOO MAN  
WAS IN NEED OF  
SOME CHICKENS,  
SO HERE I AM.



THESE  
ARE THE  
BEST BLEEDERS  
YOU EVER SEEN  
POP OFF THEIR  
HEAD AND  
THE BLOOD  
POURS.



HOW DO I  
KNOW THAT,  
MAN?

I CAN'T  
CHECK  
WITHOUT  
BLEEDING ONE  
YOU WANT ME TO DO  
THAT?





OKAY, I TAKE ALL OF THEM, MAN. MAGIC DON'T WORK WITHOUT THEM. I FIX YOU LATER.



THAT VOOODOO NONSENSE DON'T WORK ANYWAY.

WE BOTH KNOW YOU'RE JUST HOODWINKING PEOPLE. I DON'T CARE THOUGH, EVERYBODY HAS TO MAKE A BUCK.



YOU KNOW NOTHING. I WOULD BE MORE CAREFUL WHAT I SAY, WILL BENDER.

YOU MAY REGRET IT. PUT THE CHICKENS ON MY TRUCK.













HOW DO YOU DO THAT?



I FOUND SOMEONE STUPID ENOUGH TO PAY A HUNDRED DOLLARS A PCE FOR LIVE CHICKENS

THAT IS STUPID.



HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



BOY, I COULD USE  
SOME EASY MONEY  
LIKE THAT MY OLD EX-  
LADY IS PUSHING ME  
FOR ALIMONY

THERE'S  
MORE IF YOU  
BOT THE BACK-  
BONE FOR IT. HELP  
ME GET IT AND  
I'LL SPLIT IT  
WITH YOU.



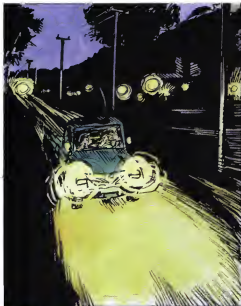
I'M ABOUT  
READY FOR ANY-  
THING. THE WAY  
THAT WOMAN'S  
HOUNDING  
ME.



I SAW THE  
MONEY THIS AFTER-  
NOON. YOU GOT  
A GUN?

YEAH, I GOT A  
GUN. THIRTY-EIGHT  
MY OLD MAN  
GAVE ME.

I KEEP IT HID  
SO MY PAROLE  
OFFICER DON'T  
KNOW.







NO MORE DO  
YOU CHEAT ON  
YOUR MAN.



POKER

HE PAY  
WE GOOD TO  
STOP IT.



WE GOING  
TO DO THIS,  
OR NOT?

I'M  
LOOKING THE  
PLACE OVER.  
SHHH.









THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT  
I'M GOING TO DO, IF  
YOU DON'T COME UP  
WITH THAT MONEY

















GO HOME?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT?  
IT'S ONLY  
MIDNIGHT!

FORGET IT,  
CHANDLER. THOSE  
OF US WITHOUT TRUST  
FLUIDS HAVE TO GO  
TO WORK IN THE  
MORNING.

YEAH,  
CHANDLER,  
WHEN ARE YOU  
GOING TO DECIDE  
THERE ACTUALLY  
IS SOMETHING  
YOU WANT TO  
DO WITH YOUR  
LIFE?



NOW THAT'S  
JUST NOT FAR.  
I KNOW EXACTLY  
WHAT I'M DOING FOR  
AT LEAST TWELVE  
HOURS OF EVERY  
DAY.

OF COURSE,  
THAT'S SLEEPING.  
BUT...

YEEESH!  
YOU'RE A  
DISGRACE TO  
RICH KIDS  
EVERYWHERE.  
YOU KNOW  
THAT?



A  
DISGRACE.  
HUI!

THERE'S  
A PURPOSE I  
MIGHT ACTUALLY  
BE ABLE TO GET  
INTO...

YOU.

PLEASE.



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a purple dress, is running through a jagged hole in a yellow wall. She is surrounded by a bright, glowing blue and white aura. Her hands are raised, and she has a desperate expression. The background shows a diner setting with tables, chairs, and pendant lights.

HELP ME.

IF YOU  
CAN HEAR ME,  
PLEASE, PLEASE  
HELP ME.

YOU ARE  
THE ONLY  
ONE.



'VETTE! C'MON!  
THE SUN IS OUT!  
THE BIRDS ARE  
SINGING! IT'S APRIL  
IN NEW YORK!

WHY DO  
YOU WANT TO  
WASTE IT IN  
THE LIBRARY?



BECAUSE  
I DON'T WANT TO  
WASTE MY LIFE  
FLIPPING BURGERS,  
C'MAND!

RATS!

**BANG!**

I GOT MY ANALYTICAL  
PSYCHE FINAL IN TWO  
DAYS! THERE'S GOTTA BE  
DOZENS OF PEOPLE YOU  
COULD ASK TO THE PARK  
WITH YOU...

YEAH, BUT THEN I  
WOULDN'T HAVE THE  
PLEASURE OF CORRUPT-  
ING THEM AWAY FROM  
THEIR STUPID BORING  
WORK, HEH-HEH...





YAAAAAAH!!!

WHY ARE YOU  
IGNORING ME?



DO YOU WANT  
ME TO DIE?

CHANDLER!  
WAS THAT  
YOU? WHAT  
HAPPENED?

IT'S  
GETTING  
WORSE...

I DIDN'T  
THINK  
THAT WAS  
POSSIBLE,  
BUT IT  
IS...



ONLY  
YOU CAN  
HEAR ME.



ONLY  
YOU CAN  
HELP ME.



ONLY  
YOU.

CHANDLER!

CHANDLER,  
CAN YOU  
HEAR ME?



DON'T—  
IF YOU CAN  
HEAR ME—  
DON'T  
MOVE!

DON'T GO  
ANYWHERE!

I'LL BE  
RIGHT  
OVER!





FOR A MINUTE THERE...

I THOUGHT YOU WERE TRYING SOME KIND OF PITY PLAY TO GET ME TO GO SHOOT HOOPS WITH YOU.

I GUESS I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR THINKING THAT. BUT...



...THIS IS THE SECOND TIME THIS HAS HAPPENED. VETTE, I'M WORRIED... WHAT IF IT'S A BRAIN TUMOR OR SOMETHING?

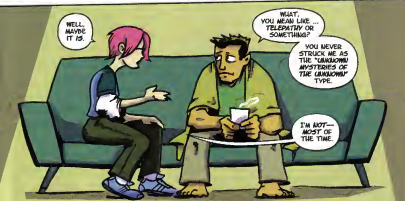
YOU SAID IT FELT LIKE YOU WERE DREAMING SOMEBODY ELSE'S DREAM?



YEAH... I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO DESCRIBE IT...

YOU KNOW... AN OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCE?

WELL, THIS IS ALMOST AN OUT-OF-MIND EXPERIENCE-- LIKE MY BODY IS HOLDING SOMEBODY ELSE'S THOUGHTS.



WELL, MAYBE IT IS.

WHAT, YOU MEAN LIKE ... TELEPATHY OR SOMETHING?

YOU NEVER STRUCK ME AS THE "UNKNOWN MYSTERIES OF THE UNKNOWN" TYPE.

I'M NOT-- MOST OF THE TIME.

BUT MY "ISSUES IN PSYCHE" CLASS DID A WHOLE THING ON THE E.S.P. PROGRAM THE SOVIETS HAD DURING THE SEVENTIES AND EIGHTIES.

I MEAN, THEY HAD SOME OF THE TOP SCIENTISTS IN THE WORLD WORKING ON IT, AND THEY TOOK IT SERIOUSLY.

YEAH, AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BERLIN WALL.

HA, HA. ALL I'M SAYING IS, WHAT IF THIS ISN'T A VISION?

WHAT IF THIS POOR CHICK REALLY IS TRYING TO CONTACT YOU?

IF SHE'S REAL, THEN SHE'S IN REAL TROUBLE, AND SHE'S RIGHT— ONLY YOU CAN HELP HER.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO? I ALREADY MADE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE A NEUROLOGIST— BUT HE'S BOOKED UP UNTIL NEXT WEEK.

LOOK, IF YOU ARE... RECEIVING THOUGHTS FROM SOMEBODY ELSE'S BRAIN...

...MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY TRANSMITTING SOME.

MAKE THE CONVERSATION TWO-WAY.



"WE BREATHE NATURALLY, PREFERABLY THROUGH THE NOSTRILS, WITHOUT ATTEMPTING TO CONTROL OUR BREATH..."

"... AND WE TRY TO BECOME AWARE OF THE SENSATION OF THE BREATH AS IT ENTERS AND LEAVES THE NOSTRILS."

OKAY...



WAAAAIT... I BET YVETTE AND THE GUYS ARE ALL LAUGHING THEIR BUTTS OFF ABOUT HOW THAT SHE WAS ABLE TO CON ME INTO BUYING THIS JUNK.

THIS HAS GOT TO BE THE DUMBEST THING I'VE EVER DONE...





THEY'RE  
ALMOST FINISHED  
WITH ME!

YEEEEAAAAAGH!!!!



I KNOW  
MY TIME...

OH-CHEST...  
IS... PURRING...



...IS  
NEARLY  
DONE...

OH, NO.



OH NO  
OH NO OH NO  
OH NO

**UNLESS  
YOU COME  
FOR ME**



WAIT...  
AM I... TOTALLY  
LOSING IT...

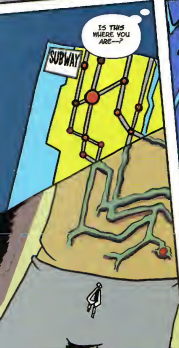
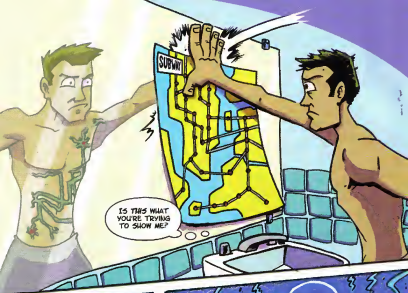
OR...  
IS THAT...

... FAMILIAR...?



**COME FOR  
ME NOW**

OHAY, OHAY,  
KEEP YOUR  
PARTY'S ON!





YVETTE'S  
NOT ANSWERING  
HER /#45/ PHONE.  
MY USUAL LUCK.

ALTHOUGH...  
TIPS MIGHT BE A  
BIT MUCH EVEN FOR  
HER TO SWALLOW.



AND...

MAYBE  
THIS IS IT.



MAYBE  
THIS IS ... A GIFT,  
A TALENT.

WHAT I'VE BEEN  
LOOKING FOR MY  
WHOLE LIFE.

A PURPOSE.



HELLO?  
MYSTERY GIRL?  
YOU THERE?



BREAKER,  
BREAKER...  
COME IN, GOOD  
BUDDY..

HAILING  
FREQUENCIES  
OPEN, BY  
CETERA..

ДОМ  
КНИ  
ELECTRONICS



I'M HERE, IN  
BRIGHTON BEACH,  
THE NEIGHBORHOOD  
WHERE YOU TOLD  
ME TO GO.

BUT NOW  
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE  
TO GIVE SOME MORE  
SPECIFICS TO...



...GO...

...ON...



IS THIS WHERE YOU ARE?

WAS THAT THE POINT OF THE GLASS HEADS IN MY-YOUR-VISION?



NO ANSWER...



COULD I BE TOO LATE?



I HAVE  
TO KNOW!



ANNNNGGGG-  
AAAAHHH!!



YOU BETTER  
BE WORTH THIS,  
DREAM GIRL...

I NEVER  
STUCK MY ARSE  
OUT FOR ANYBODY  
IN MY WHOLE LIFE...



YOU SHOULD  
CONSIDER YOURSELF  
LUCKY YOU FOUND  
AN EXPERIENCED  
JUVENILE DELINQUENT  
AS YOUR TELEPATHIC  
RECEIVER!



HEY ...  
MAYBE SHE'S A  
KIDNAPPED HEIRESS  
OR SOMETHING!

MAYBE THERE'LL  
BE A REWARD FOR  
HER RESCUE!



AT THE  
VERY LEAST...

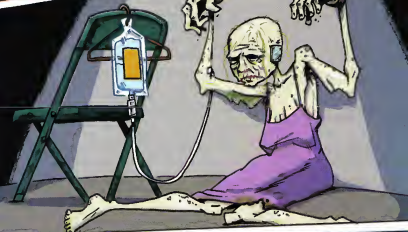
...I BETTER  
GET A DATE  
OUT OF  
THIS!



HEY...  
HEY, MISS?

IS THAT YOU?  
IS THAT—







AAAAHHH!!

AAAGHHHH--



ZwOK!



<I HATE THE SCREAMERS THE MOST.>

GRUNT!

<THAT'S ALL THE TEST SUBJECTS DR. KRYLOV NEEDS, DA? WE COLLECTED THEM IN RECORD TIME!>

<OUR "BROADCASTER" WORKED WONDERS, AS USUAL.>

<IT'S AMAZING HOW A PRETTY FACE WILL DISARM EVEN THE MOST POWERFUL LATENT TELEPATHS.>





«BON VOYAGE,  
BOYS! ENJOY  
SIBERIA!»



«THOUGH  
YOUR LIVES  
MAY BE  
SHORT AND  
HARD...»

«...KNOW THEY'RE  
SERVING A  
PURPOSE...»



«...SCIENCE  
MUST MARCH  
ON!»

HAH!

Turns out  
Chandler Wells was  
just like every other  
man - a sucker for a  
pretty face!

Speaking of  
suckers, the Crypt-keeper  
and the Vault-keeper seemed  
to have had some unfortunate  
side effects to my cauldron's  
creepy casserole!

>BBLARGHFF!!<

While ol'  
C-K is lip-chucking  
in his inner  
sanctum—

>BLAARRRRFFF!!<

--V-K has  
suddenly become  
all warm and  
fuzzy!

I'll get  
you for this,  
old witch!

If Barf-breath is  
able to get his act together  
he should be ready to host his  
Crypt-keeper's corner column,  
featuring your countless requests  
to dump him and the Vault-keeper,  
and to have me take over tales  
from the Crypt on a permanent  
basis! Be here next issue to  
see if justice prevails.



*BUUUURPPP!*

*"Scuze me, kiddies, your ol' pal the Crypt-Keeper just had the most DREADFUL DINING experience, thanks to The Old Witch! Would you believe she made me SICK and the Vault-Keeper RAT-ATOUILLE! If she ever savives you to lunch, RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!*

*Meanwhile, back at the CRYPT... we're still painfully PINCHING ourselves (don't try this at home!) over all the attention last issue's SCARY SARAH PALIN cover (drawn by Ricko "the Sicko" Parker) and CATHY GAINES MIFSUDS special editorial received!*

*For example, GHOULISH GEOFF (THE BUTCHER) BOUCHER of the L. A. Times wrote a GHASTLY PIECE about it, which was picked up by the Associated Press and SPLATTERED across newspapers world-wide. Geoffry wrote...*

*"The cover is a reference to two instances of content debate, one that played out on a national stage and the other a seemingly minor moment in Alaska that has been made major by the current political season.*

*"Tales from the Crypt" became one of the signature names in horror and American pop culture after five years of memoisable mayhem that ended in 1955. That was after months of intense pressure and new industry regulations targeting the lurid comics, spurred by televised Senate subcommittee hearings on juvenile delinquency and its causes.*

*"Palin, meanwhile, has taken heat for some overtures she made in 1996 while as mayor of Wasilla, Alaska. Criticized after reports that she sought to ban books from a local public library, the GOP candidate has said that on two occasions she asked 'a rhetorical question' about removing objectionable books from shelves, but that she never pursued it or mentioned specific titles.*

*"But any White House candidate who even entertains a conversation about book banning is a natural enemy to "Tales from the Crypt," according to Jim Salicrup, editor-in-chief of PaperCutz, the publisher that revived the classic title about 16 months ago. "This was not a partisan thing. People tend to think of everything as black and white these days -- you are either for or against one of the parties 100%. But for us this was about the history of EC Comics, the original publisher of "Tales from the Crypt." Anyone who knows that history knows that even of whiff of banning books is going to get us angry."*

*Well, le-der-dah! Who knew Salicrup was such a POLITICAL PUN-DIT? GRUESOME GRAEME McMILLAN writing the Political Science (Fiction) column on io9 asked "Are Comics Part of the Left-Wing Media Conspiracy?" as well as...*

*"You may be wondering exactly what Sarah Palin's personal policies are, ahead of tonight's Vice Presidential Debate, and we're happy to help you with that: Apparently, she's anti-witch... or, at least, that's the message that we get from this cover from the October issue of the revived TALES FROM THE CRYPT. And, as this year's US Presidential election nears, this age previously non-partisan genre staple's move into editorializing against the Republican ticket is only one way in which comics are trying to get in on the action."*



*But the bestest POLITICALLY INCORRECT observation was online at Gawker.com, where INSANE IAN SPIEGELMAN wrote:*

"The highlight of Sarah Palin's career? It's not her guest spot on SNL, or her scary stump speeches in front of screaming crazy racists. It's this cover for ... Tales from the Crypt."

*But enough about that! There were two SHOCK-FILLED STORIES in TALES FROM THE CRYPT #8 as well. And while we're still tabulating the votes on which SCARE-TALE was our ROTTEN READER'S fave, we did receive a couple of RIOTOUS REACTIONS... (In the meantime, go to the TALES FROM THE CRYPT section of [www.papercuts.com](http://www.papercuts.com) and vote online for your favorite story from THIS issue!)*

**Subject: TALES FROM THE CRYPT #8**

As a long-time fan of EC Comics, I welcome the revival of TALES FROM THE CRYPT and the guest editorial by Cathy Gaines Mifsud.

As a long-time fan of EC Comics, it's interesting to see the return of the Ray Bradbury "Home to Scary" precedent (WEIRD FANTASY #13). You forgot to acknowledge Stanley G. Weinbaum's (writing as John Jessel) oft-reprinted "The Adaptive Ultimate" (originally published in *Assaunders Stories*, November 1935) or its film adaptation SHE DEVIL (1957) as the source of "She Who Would Rule the World."

I wish you the best of luck in the future.  
Leonid Doroschenko

*If only we had an editor with the SCI-FI CREDITS as LEONID, then we'd really be DANGEROUS! Sadly, we're still stuck with Salicrup, and he lamely pleads that the correct credits in both TALES FROM THE CRYPT comic #8 and graphic novel # 5 should have read:*

"SHE WHO WOULD RULE THE WORLD"  
(BASED ON "THE ADAPTIVE ULTIMATE")  
BY STANLEY G. WEINBAUM  
ADAPTED BY  
CHRISTIAN ZAMER  
WRITER, ARTIST, LETTERER, COLORIST,  
MARVIN MARIANO  
COLORIST

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Just wanted to make a few comments about TFCT #8. "She Who Would Rule the World" was very well done. Both the story and the art were great. Very enjoyable. As for "Virtual Hoodoo," it was passable, but did not do much for me. One thing I found hilarious... Bari's left hand shot up from the crypt when the monsters called upon him. In and of itself, not funny. However, when you consider his left arm was ripped off by Crazy

Skeleton Man just three pages earlier... pretty funny!

In closing, I'd just like to thank you for bringing back this classic title. Also, thank you for having a letters page. The lettercol is such a great aspect of comicbooks, and so few still have them.

Sincerely,  
Mark Robinson  
Colorado Springs, CO

*Hey, Mark, did you ever think that those other comics don't have letter columns 'cause they can't get Yours Truly to write 'em in my world-famous HORRIFIC style? Let's face it, how can they really compete with me?*

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Hello my name is Brett, I live in England, and I am a big fan of the old TALES FROM THE CRYPT comics and I just recently purchased number 7 of the new TALES FROM THE CRYPT comics. I loved it, but here in England it is hard to get hold of your comics. So how can I subscribe? And also will I be able to back order and get the first 6 issues as well as future ones.

Brett Stephenson  
England

*What's the matter, Brett? Too lazy to travel to the US to get your horror comics fix? Fortunately for you there's [mulehighcomics.com](http://mulehighcomics.com) for back issues, and [barnesandnoble.com](http://barnesandnoble.com) for our CADAVEROUS COLLECTED EDITIONS, available in both soft and (for those who collect STIFFS...) hard covers.*

Keep those emails and letters coming - and if you've got any Pepto, we could use that too. Send letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner  
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308  
New York, NY 10005

Or email your comments to the Old Editor at:  
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# E.C. FANS!

**YOU'VE WRITTEN!  
YOU'VE E-MAILED!  
YOU'VE PHONED!  
YOU'VE THREATENED US!  
YOU'VE DEMANDED!**  
(BUT WE'RE COMING OUT WITH  
THESE COLLECTIONS ANYWAY!)



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"BRAIN FOOD"

ROB VOLLMAR  
WRITER

TIM SMITH 3  
ARTIST

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THE CRYPT-KEEPER

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FEATURING...



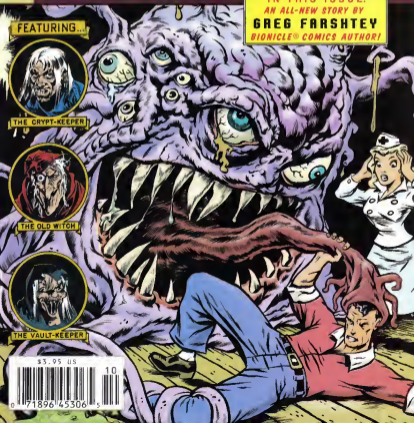
THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR





AND IN THAT FINAL MOMENT, I REMEMBER.

REMEMBER HOW IT BEGAN.



THAT LOOK OF URGENT FEAR ONLY HALF-CONCEALED BY THE PATIENT'S AWARENESS OF THE GULF THAT SEPARATES US



HE RUNS HIS TONGUE NERVOUSLY ACROSS HIS DRY LIPS THREE TIMES...

...BEFORE FINALLY UTTERING THE WORDS THAT CHANGE MY LIFE FOREVER.

DOC-P



HE FIDGETS WHEN I  
LOOK AT HIM DIRECTLY.  
THAT'S PROBABLY  
THE THORAZINE





MY MOM  
USED TO CALL  
ME TOMMY  
BUT...

THE MOTHER—DEAD NOW  
TWO YEARS OF CARDIAC  
FAILURE UNDER MYSTERIOUS  
CIRCUMSTANCES

THE CATALYST FOR THE  
PATIENT'S FIRST REFERRAL  
TO THIS FACILITY AS A  
CLASSIC SELF-MUTILATOR



ONLY THIS ONE BLAMES HIS BREAKTHROUGH  
EPISODE ON A SUPERNATURALLY CURSED  
"FULLY POSEABLE, MICRO-ARTICULATED  
ACTION FIGURE." WHATEVER THAT MEANS

I ELECT TO ENGAGE HIM.

SO...  
THOMAS--





HOW COMFORTING IT MUST BE TO EXPLAIN AWAY ALL OF LIFE'S ILLS BY THE EXISTENCE OF A BRAIN-EATING MONSTER.

CAN'T HOLD A JOB? BRAIN-EATING MONSTER. GLOBAL WARMING? TRY A BRAIN-EATING MONSTER INSTEAD.



YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, THOMAS.

I HAVE IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY THAT THERE ARE NO BRAIN-EATING MONSTERS LOOSE IN THIS FACILITY.

IF YOU SAY SO.



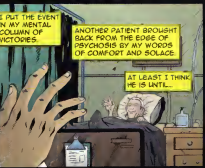
LIE BACK AND TRY TO RELAX.

THEN I'LL LET THE NURSES KNOW THAT YOU ARE DUE FOR YOUR MEDS.

THANKS.



I PUT THE EVENT IN MY MENTAL COLUMN OF VICTORIES.



ANOTHER PATIENT BROUGHT BACK FROM THE EDGE OF PSYCHOSIS BY MY WORDS OF COMFORT AND SOLACE.

AT LEAST I THINK HE IS UNTIL...





WHAT DO YOU MEAN HIS BRAIN IS GONE?!

WELL, I DIDN'T LOOK BEFORE TO MAKE SURE HE HAD ONE BUT HE WAS BREATHING AND STUFF, SO YOU KNOW I JUST ASSUMED.



BUT, WOW, HE IS TOTALLY BRAINLESS NOW FOR SURE.

ONCE INSANE, NOW HE'S GOT NO BRAIN!

BUM-P WHA--?



DON'T WORRY, DOC. WE'LL GET HIM DOWN TO THE SLAB FOR YA!


BUT WHAT COULD HAVE--? HOW COULD--?



WHAT DID I TELL YOU, DOC?



THE BRAIN-EATING MONSTER STRIKES AGAIN!



PERHAPS, IN LIGHT OF WHAT CAME AFTER, I CAN SEE HOW MY RESPONSE TO THE PATIENT'S WARNINGS COULD BE CONSIDERED AS... DISPROPORTIONATE.

THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN, AND DOUGHLY, IF YOU LIKE.

HOT DOS!



OW! THAT SUCKED!

THAT'S GOOD, THOMAS.

DON'T BE AFRAID TO VOCALIZE YOUR MOST VIOLENT IMPULSES.



WHAT VIOLENT IMPULSES?

I JUST DON'T WANT MY BRAIN TO GET EATEN!

TUT, TUT, THOMAS.



WE BOTH KNOW THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A BRAIN-EATING MONSTER

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I USED TO THINK, TOO.



AND WHAT DO YOU THINK NOW?

THERE'S STUFF OUT THERE, DOC.



HORRORS JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO SLIP UP AND THEN...

AND THEN...



YOU BECOME A BRAIN-EATING MONSTER?



BUT WHAT IF THE MURDERS DON'T END THERE, THUS PROVING THAT THOMAS ISN'T THE SO-CALLED "BRAIN-EATER"?

IT BECOMES APPARENT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THAT THE KEY TO FIGHTING THIS DELUSION IS TO SUBJECT IT TO THE SCIENTIFIC PROCESS.



THERE WILL BE NO MORE OF THIS UNSCIENTIFIC BRAIN-EATER CLAPTRAP.

THIS GENTLEMAN IS THE NEW FACE OF ENCEPHALOPHAGIA!



I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT THE OLD ONE LOOKED LIKE...

YOU ARE, OF COURSE, WELL AWARE OF THE CURIOUS STRING OF BRAIN EXTRACTIONS THAT HAVE OCCURRED ON OUR WATCH OF LATE.

WELL, NOW THAT HE BRINGS IT UP...

I GUESS SIX IN A WEEK DOES CONSTITUTE SOME KIND OF PATTERN.

DID YOU KNOW THAT THERE WAS AN OLD FACE OF ENCEPHALOPHAGIA?









ALL IN  
DUE TIME,  
MY BOY.

FIRST LET'S  
TALK ABOUT YOUR  
ENCEPHALOPHASIC  
URGES



JUST BECAUSE  
A GUY NEVER HAD A  
GIRLFRIEND, DOESN'T  
NECESSARILY MEAN HE  
DIDN'T WANT ONE!

NO, THOMAS,  
ENCEPHALO-  
PHASIA.



BRAIN-EATING,  
THOMAS. IT MEANS  
BRAIN-EATING

BUT I  
ALREADY TOLD  
YOU THAT I DIDN'T  
EAT ANYONE'S  
BRAIN.





OH, I DON'T DISPUTE THAT YOU BELIEVE THAT WITH ALL YOUR HEART AND MIND BUT IMAGINE IF YOU WERE EXPERIENCING A COMPLETE PSYCHOTIC BREAK WHERE YOU ARE ABLE TO ACT OUT YOUR MOST UNTHINKABLE IMPULSES WITH NO FEAR OF RECALL AFTERWARDS.



I'LL BE FAMOUS!


YOU'LL BE FAMOUS!

I WILL?



DOCTORS WILL WANT TO COME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TO STUDY YOUR UNIQUE CASE.

WOW, WILL THEIR HANDS LEAVE COOL LIGHT TRAILS IN THE AIR LIKE YOURS DO?



THE MEDIA INSTITUTE WILL BECOME SYNONYMOUS WITH THE MOST CUTTING EDGE RESEARCH INTO THE EXTREMITIES OF THE HUMAN PSYCHE!



BUT BEFORE ANY OF THAT CAN HAPPEN, YOU AND I HAVE VITAL WORK THAT MUST BE DONE!

IT'S A GOOD THING THAT THERE'S SO MANY OF YOU...

DOCTOR ANDERS!! COME QUICK!!



SOME PATIENTS  
WILL BE LOST  
AND SOME WILL  
BE SAVED. THAT'S  
THE CURRENCY  
OF FAILURE WHEN  
YOU ARE  
A DOCTOR.

BUT WHAT MEANING  
ARE WE TO TAKE...



...WHEN IT IS  
THE DOCTORS  
WHO ARE LOST?

I D-DON'T  
UNDERSTAND.

JUST  
LIKE BEFORE,  
DOC.

NOT A BRAIN  
TO PIECE TOGETHER  
BETWEEN THEM.

SUCH  
BRILLIANT  
MINDS.

REDUCED  
TO WHAT?

FOOD?

LOOK, DOC, WE'VE  
ALREADY CALLED THE  
COPS AND THEY ARE ON  
THEIR WAY. BETTER THAT  
YOU JUST GO LIE  
DOWN UNTIL THEY  
GET HERE.

FOR ONE MOMENT, I CONSIDER FOLLOWING HIS ADVICE. MAYBE I SHOULD LIE DOWN.

HAVEN'T I BEEN UNDER A LOT OF STRESS LATELY? I CAN'T REMEMBER.



THEN I REALIZE...

THAT'S JUST WHAT IT WANTS ME TO DO. THINK RATIONALLY.

LAY DOWN CLOSE MY EYES AND WAIT.



AND SO, INSTEAD, I DO SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING CRAZY.

THOMAS?  
IT'S ME, DOCTOR  
ANDERS. WAKE  
UP!

HUH?





IF EVER YOU FIND YOURSELF IN THE WILDERNESS WITH A FRIEND...

WHERE'RE WE GOIN'?

JUST TRY TO FOCUS ON STAYING AWAKE. I'M TAKING YOU OUT OF THIS FACILITY ON MY AUTHORITY.



AND YOU JUST SO HAPPEN TO FIND YOURSELVES CONFRONTED BY A GRIZZLY BEAR...

I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD.

JUST A FEW MORE YARDS, THOMAS.



JUST REMEMBER...

THE EMERGENCY LOCKS HAVE ENGAGED!

WHICH KEY?



THE FOOTRACE ISN'T BETWEEN YOU AND THE BEAR...

UH, DOC?









POOR THOMAS--  
>SOB<--NO ONE  
WANTS HIM-->SOB<  
--NOT EVEN A  
BRAIN-EATING  
MONSTER!

WHAT DO  
I CARE ABOUT  
THAT LOSER?



WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING  
TO DO ABOUT THE  
DISGUSTING DETRITUS  
YOU LEFT HERE?

THANKS TO  
YOU I CAN KISS MY  
GOOD CRYPT-KEEPING  
SEAL OF APPROVAL  
GOOD-BYE!



ARE YOU  
NUTS, C-K?!

DON'T BRING HER BACK! I KNOW EXACTLY  
WHAT YOU NEED TO CLEAN UP YOUR  
CRYPT! LET ME TELL YOU ALL  
ABOUT HER IN  
THIS CHILLING  
TALE I CALL...

**MURDER**  
**M.F.I.D.**



MEET THE EX-  
WIFE, EMERSON  
SALE. HE'S VISIT  
TO HIS FORMER  
HUSBAND'S  
HOUSE IS NOT  
A SOCIAL ONE.

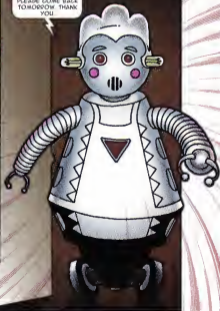
COME  
ON, OPEN THE  
DOOR, YOU--

**BING  
BONG**

**CREAK**

WELL, IT'S  
ABOUT TIME,  
EMERSON!

DR. SALE IS NOT  
RECEIVING VISITORS.  
PLEASE COME BACK  
TOMORROW. THANK  
YOU.





OH, HE'S NOT, IS HE? HE'LL RECEIVE ME

PLEASE Wipe YOUR FEET. PLEASE Wipe YOUR FEET.



SWEDSON, YOU OWE ME \$10,000 IN ALIBONY, AND I WANT IT NOW!

OH, SARAH, AS LOUD AS EVER, I SEE I HARDLY THINK I NEED TO PAY YOU FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF HAVING YOU CHEAT ON ME.



HA! IF JAKE AND I HADN'T BEEN SO "BUSY" UPSTAIRS WE SHOOK YOUR TEST TUBES, YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE EVEN KNOWN.

YES, WELL, YOU TWO CERTAINLY LEFT A MESS BEHIND. IT TOOK M.A.I.D. A FULL DAY TO CLEAN UP.

M.A.I.D? DON'T TELL ME ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR STUPID INVENTIONS?

M.A.I.D. MULTIFUNCTIONAL AUTOMATED IMMACULATE DISPOSAL UNIT. HOW MAY I ASSIST YOU?

GUTE COULDN'T FIND A REAL WOMAN TO CLEAN YOUR HOUSE FOR YOU, HUH?

I DON'T HAVE TIME TO DEAL WITH PEOPLE—TO ANSWER THEIR QUESTIONS, LISTEN TO THEIR COMPLAINTS, OR PICK UP THEIR MESS. THIS NEW M.A.I.D DOES ALL THAT FOR ME. WATCH.



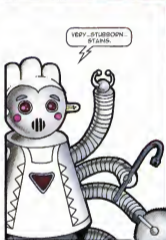
M.A.I.D DEPLOY



YES, DOCTOR

YOU SEE? EVERYTHING A HOUSEHOLD MAINTENANCE ROBOT NEEDS, ALL IN ONE UNIT.







**CRASH!**

YOU HAVE MADE A MESS. ACTIVATING CLEANING AND DISPOSAL PROGRAM.



THIS ISN'T OVER! YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM MY LAWYER!

PROGRAM ACTIVATED  
COMMAND RECEIVED.  
ASSIST GUEST TO DEPART.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?  
STOP FOLLOWING  
ME, YOU PIECE  
OF JUNK!

YOU HAVE  
MADE A MESS.  
MRS. GALE  
MESSES MUST  
BE DISPOSED  
OF.



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I TEXT MESSAGED YOU FIVE MINUTES AGO.

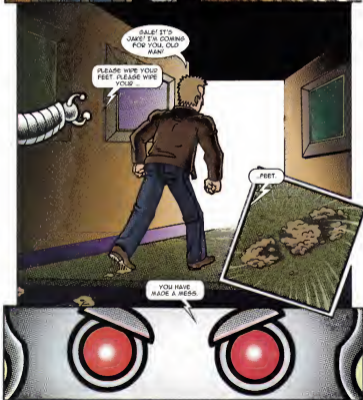
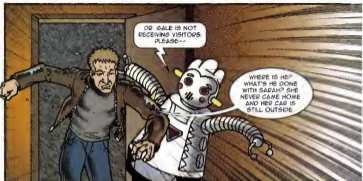
THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL WAS JAMMED. DOCTOR.

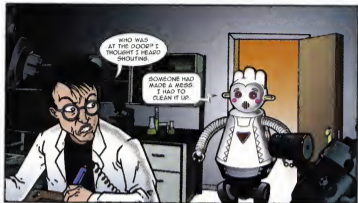
AGAIN? I THOUGHT YOU FIXED THAT TWO DAYS AGO, RIGHT AFTER MY SHIPMENT OF CAPACITORS GOT DELIVERED WELL, ANYWAY, I NEED YOU TO--

**BAM!  
BAM!  
BAM!**

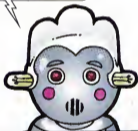
OH, WHAT NOW? GO SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR.







MESS SPEEDS DISORDER. DISORDER SPEEDS INEFFICIENCY. INEFFICIENCY IS THE ENEMY OF RATIONAL THOUGHT.





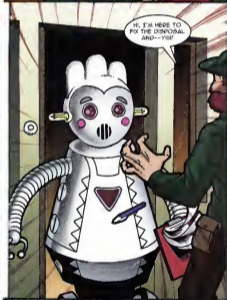


THE NEXT DAY.

**BING-  
BONG**



HI, I'M HERE TO  
FIX THE DISPOSAL  
AND--YISS!



S-SORRY .YOU  
STARTLED ME LET  
ME PICK THIS STUFF  
UP -WHAT A  
MESS.



THAT'S A, UH, GREAT COSTUME---  
GOING TO A PARTY? I WENT AS  
A FISH ONCE--HAD A HOOK  
HANGING OUT OF MY MOUTH  
AND EVERYTHING. HEH.

THE DISPOSAL IS  
NOT OPERATING.



RIGHT. LET  
ME JUST TAKE A  
LOOK HERE. WHOA!  
THAT DOESN'T  
SOUND GOOD.

**KRUNNCHH**

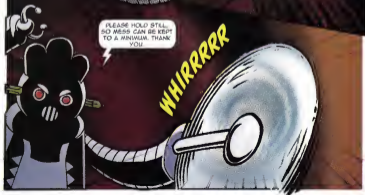


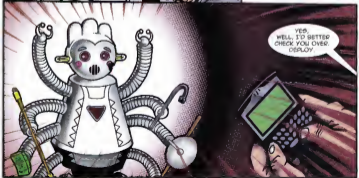
SOMETHING'S  
REALLY JARRED THIS  
BABY UP. URRNNH...IT'S  
REALLY IN THERE...  
WAIT, GOT IT...

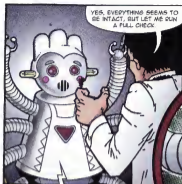
**YLAHHH!**





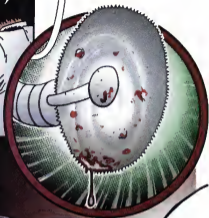






YES, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE INTACT, BUT LET ME RUN A FULL CHECK.

YES, YES, FINE, I... WHAT IS THAT? IT LOOKS LIKE... BLOOD.



I AM IN WORKING ORDER. MESSAGES WILL BE ELIMINATED. DISRUPTION FROM NEIGHBORS WILL BE ENDED.

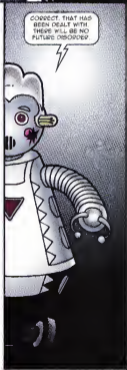
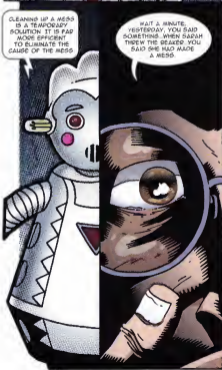
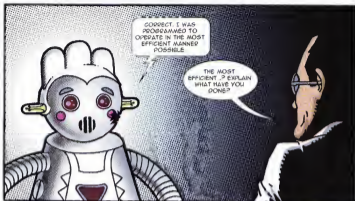


...WHY IS THERE BLOOD ON YOUR SAW TOOL?

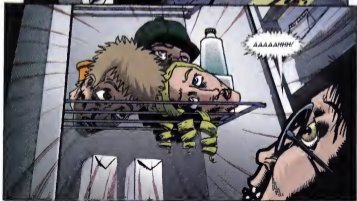
I HAVE BEEN CARRYING OUT MY PROGRAMMING.

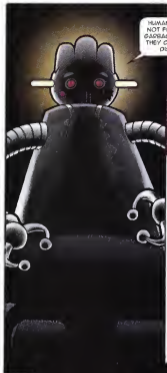


YOU WERE PROGRAMMED TO ANSWER THE DOOR AND THE PHONE... TO GET THE MAIL... TO CLEAN UP ANY MESSAGES IN THE HOUSE... THAT'S ALL.









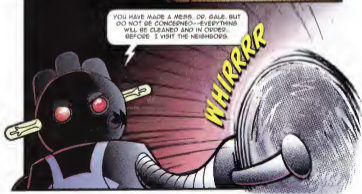
HUMAN HEADS DO NOT FIT DOWN THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL THEY CREATE MORE DISORDER



GET AWAY FROM ME! I'LL SHUT YOU DOWN PERMANENTLY! I'LL--OH!!!

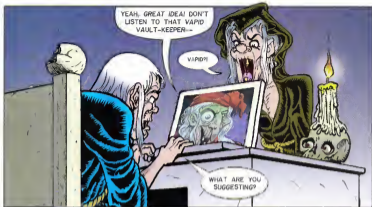
OH, NO...

**SNAP!**



YOU HAVE MADE A MESS, DR. GALE, BUT DO NOT BE CONCERNED--EVERYTHING WILL BE CLEANED AND IN ORDER... BEFORE I VISIT THE NEIGHBORS

**WHIRRRR**



TERROR



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# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! BACK AGAIN, EH? BET YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT THE OLD WITCH IS DOING HERE? YOU WERE EXPECTING THE DECREPIT CRYPT-KEEPER AND HIS PARTNER-IN-SLIME THE VAULT KEEPER, RIGHT?

THE SHOCKING TRUTH IS THAT THEY'RE BOTH HERE—VICTIMS OF CRYPT-FEVER! THEY'VE TOTALLY FREAKED OUT! TOO MUCH TIME SPENT IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR WATCHING YOU TOOMBI WORST CASE I EVER SAW! THEY EVEN HALLUCINATED SEEING ME DRESSED IN A FRENCH MAD'S UNIFORM!\*

NOT TO WORRY— I'M BREWING UP A CURE RIGHT NOW! "HAVE CAULDRON—WELL TRAVEL!" THAT'S MY MOTTO!

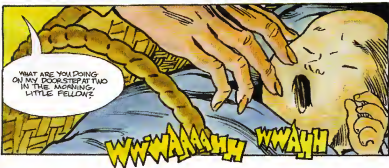
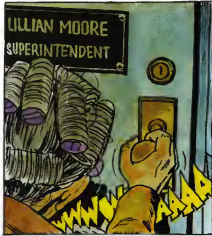
WHILE THIS SIMMERS, LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT ANOTHER LADY WHO HAD TO TAKE CARE OF A LITTLE BOY, A REGULAR...

*Little*  
**DARLIN'**

\*YOU SAW IT TOO— LAST ISSUE!











I BET YOU'RE HUNGRY.



MRS. SANCHEZ, THIS IS LILLIAN. SORRY TO WAKE YOU. I HAVE AN EMERGENCY.

LILLIAN, DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?



YES, BUT SOMEONE DUMPED A BABY ON OUR PORCH.

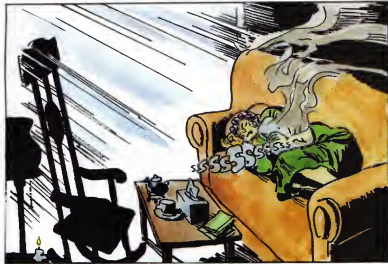
AND I DON'T HAVE A BOTTLE TO FEED HIM.



















I THOUGHT  
YOU WOULD BE  
GLAD I DID.

THEY WILL  
TAKE HIM TO A  
HOSPITAL...  
CHECK HIM  
OUT.



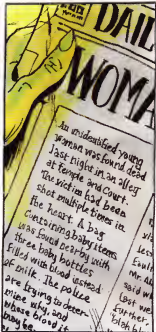
I'M SORRY.  
I KNOW YOU  
MEANT WELL.

EVER SINCE  
ROY DIED I'VE  
BEEN SO LONELY...



YOU'RE TOO  
OLD TO BE TAKING  
CARE OF A BABY  
ANYWAY.







**KNOCK  
KNOCK  
KNOCK**



JUST A  
MINUTE...

**KNOCK  
KNOCK  
KNOCK**



I'M MRS.  
WELLFORD FROM  
THE DEPARTMENT  
OF HUMAN SERVICES.  
I UNDERSTAND  
SOMEONE LEFT  
A BABY ON YOUR  
DOORSTEP  
LAST NIGHT.



YES, THEY DID,  
BUT I CAN TAKE  
CARE OF HIM.



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FINGER?

OH, IT'S NOTHING. COME IN.



IT SURE IS DARK IN HERE.

THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT!



MRS. GARCIA SAID YOU NEVER HAD CHILDREN. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF A BABY.



BELIEVE ME, MRS. WELFORD...

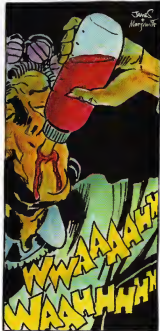
YOU'RE THE ONE THAT DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF A B.A.

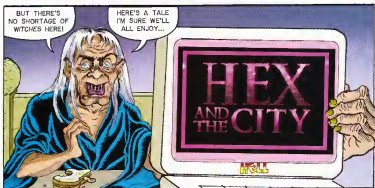


MRS. MOORE, BRING ME THE BABY THIS INSTANT!

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS.









**DISCLAIMER!** THIS IS NOT A COMMENTARY ON WICCAN BELIEFS, BUT A CAUTIONARY TALE OF WHAT BEFALLS THOSE WHO USE WHAT THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND FOR SELFISH ENDS!

PLEASE...  
HELP ME...

GROSS,  
SOMEONE  
SHOULD CALL THE  
POLICE!

THE  
FASHION  
POLICE!

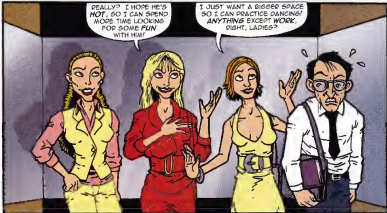
IGNORE  
THEM! PEOPLE  
ARE ONLY HOME-  
LESS BECAUSE  
THEY WANT TO BE!  
JUST LIKE WE'RE  
HAPPY AND PRETTY  
BECAUSE THAT'S  
WHAT WE  
WANT!

HOWLSWORTH'S  
SON TAKES OVER  
TODAY! I CAN'T WAIT  
TO ASK HIM FOR A PRIVATE  
OFFICE SO I CAN SPEND  
MORE TIME SEEKING  
TRUE ROMANCE ON  
THE WEB!



REALLY? I HOPE HE'S  
HOT, SO I CAN SPEND  
MORE TIME LOOKING  
FOR SOME FUN  
WITH HIM!

I JUST WANT A BIGGER SPACE  
SO I CAN PRACTICE DANCING!  
ANYTHING EXCEPT WORK,  
RIGHT, LADIES?



E-E-EXCUSE ME, BUT THERE  
I-I-IS MORE TO LIFE THAN  
LOOKING AND FEELING  
G-G-GOOD!

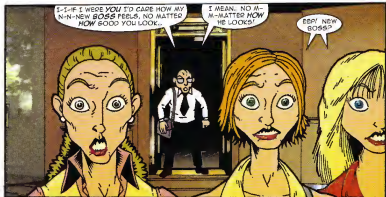


HA-HA!  
HOW WOULD  
YOU KNOW?

HA-HA!  
YOU SURE DON'T  
LOOK GOOD!

HEE! AND  
WHO CARES HOW  
YOU FEEL?

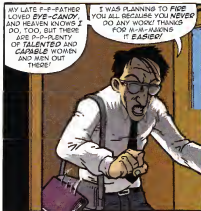




I-I-IF I WERE YOU I'D CARE HOW MY N-N-NEW BOSS FEELS, NO MATTER HOW GOOD YOU LOOK...

I MEAN, NO M-M-MATTER HOW HE LOOKS!

ESP! NEW BOSS?



MY LATE F-F-FATHER LOVED EYE-CANDY, AND HEAVEN KNOWS I DO, TOO, BUT THERE ARE P-P-PLENTY OF TALENTED AND CAPABLE WOMEN AND MEN OUT THERE!

I WAS PLANNING TO FIRE YOU ALL BECAUSE YOU NEVER DO ANY WORK! THANKS FOR M-M-MAKING IT EASIER!



OWG! THE SON WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A PUSHOVER!

DID WE KILL THE OLD MAN FOR NOTHING?

HMM...



THIS ISN'T OVER YET! I'VE GOT AN IDEA.

FOLLOW MY LEAD!

HOW TO MEET & DATE WICCAN WOMEN

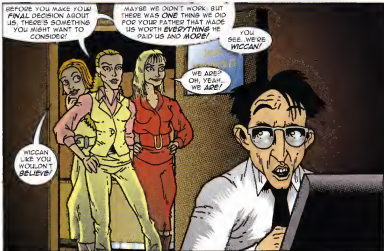
BEFORE YOU MAKE YOUR FINAL DECISION ABOUT US, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU MIGHT WANT TO CONSIDER!

MAYBE WE DIDN'T WORK, BUT THERE WAS ONE THING WE DID FOR YOUR FATHER THAT MADE US WORTH EVERYTHING HE PAID US AND MORE!

YOU SEE... WE'RE WICCAN!

WE ARE? OH, YEAH... WE ARE!

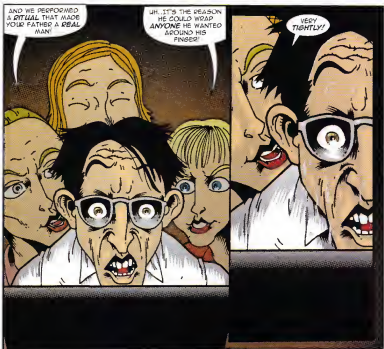
WICCAN LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE!



AND WE PERFORMED A RITUAL THAT MADE YOUR FATHER A REAL MAN!

UH... IT'S THE REASON HE COULD WRAP ANYONE HE WANTED AROUND HIS FINGER!

VERY TIGHTLY!



YOU'D LIKE US  
TO PERFORM OUR  
RITUAL FOR YOU,  
WOULDN'T  
YOU?

UH... UH...  
UH...

YES! YES!  
A THOUSAND  
TIMES YES!

>>> I'VE  
BEEN SO LONELY/  
SO AFRAID/ AND MY  
FATHER NEVER PAID  
ANY ATTENTION  
TO ME!

ALL HE EVER  
GAVE ME WAS  
THIS LOUSY BUSINESS/  
AND I'M AFRAID OF  
BUSINESSES,  
TOO!



JUST TELL ME  
WHAT I HAVE TO  
DO AND I'LL DO  
IT!



"FIRST, RENT A SECLUDED *SHACK* WHERE NO ONE CAN FIND YOU... UH, I MEAN *US!* THE RITUAL REQUIRES *POWER SENS*, BUT A RICH GUY LIKE YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO AFFORD THEM! NEXT..."

NICE TOUCH FINDING THESE OLD HALLOWEEN COSTUMES!

AH, I FOUND SOME *BOBIS* CEREMONY ONLINE CALLED *DRAWING DOWN THE MOON*. BUT AS LONG AS WE'RE DANCING AROUND, HE'LL DO WHATEVER WE SAY!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS RITUAL?

READY TO DRAW DOWN THE MOON, *HAND-SOME?*

OH, Y-Y-YEAH!

AT THE HEIGHT OF THE RITUAL, YOU'LL HAVE TO DRINK THIS AND SAY THE WORDS I TAUGHT YOU!



"GREAT GOD CERUINNOS, RETURN TO EARTH AGAIN.  
COME AT MY CALL AND SHOW THYSELF TO MEN,  
SHEPHERD OF GOATS, UPON THE WILD HILLS WAY,  
LEAD THY LOST FLOCK FROM DARKNESS UNTO DAY."

DRINK AND  
BREAK!



CHUB-A-LUB!  
CHUB-A-LUB!  
CHUB-A-LUB!

>BULP-BULP-  
BULPIC

I AM THE  
POWER!

I AM  
THE HORNED  
GOD!



I AM...



...NOT FEELING  
SO GOOD...



**THUD!**





THESE SUCKERS ARE WORTH A MILLION AT LEAST!

WE CAN START OUR OWN BUSINESS WE WON'T HAVE TO WORK FOR!



HE'S GETTING UP? GET SOMETHING TO WHACK HIM WITH!

URGGG



AK-AK-AK!

EW! I HOPE HE DOESN'T PUKE!





WHO SUMMONS  
THE HORNED GOD?

WHOSE WISHES  
SHALL I FUL TO  
BURSTING?



YOUR MIND AND BODY ARE NOW A WRITHING WOUND THAT PULSES TO THE COSMIC BEAT OF HUNGER'S HEART!



BEHOLD!  
YOU  
ARE PART OF THE  
DANCE OF THE  
REAL!



AND YOU WHO WANTED  
ONLY *PHYSICAL* PLEASURE,  
WHERE SHALL WE  
*BEGIN?*

YOUR FORM HAS A  
BILLION NERVE ENDINGS FOR  
FEELING PLEASURE, WHY NOT  
SET THEM ALL *AF-AME* AT  
*ONCE?*

HELP!

HELLPPP!

NO, I CAN'T  
JUST LEAVE!

NOOOOOOOOO!

NOT  
WITHOUT THE  
*SEMS!*





AND WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED?

OH, NOTHING! I'M GOOD!



ROMANCE!  
THE SWOONING  
MAJESTY THAT  
MAKES THE WORLD  
GO ROUND!

NO, REALLY,  
THANKS, BUT...

I CAN GIVE  
YOU MORE THAN  
THE WORLD!

I CAN GIVE  
YOU THE MOON  
AND THE STARS!



"SHALL WE START  
WITH THE MOON?"

IT'S NOT  
POSSIBLE!

WITH LOVE  
ALL THINGS ARE  
POSSIBLE!

SHALL WE  
KISS THE KISS OF  
LOVE'S MADNESS?  
SHALL WE KISS THE  
KISS OF FOREVER?



BUT I  
ALSO PROMISED  
YOU THE STARS,  
DIDN'T I?



THE COLD,  
UNCARING  
STARS?



SURROUNDED  
BY AN INFINITE  
BLACKNESS AS DARK  
AS YOUR OWN BLACK  
HEART!



YIEEEEE!



"AND FINALLY, YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORK AGAIN"

CAN YOU BELIEVE THREE JOBS OPENED AT THE SAME COMPANY AT THE SAME TIME? AND WE GOT THEM?

WE'LL BE TOGETHER!

IT'S LIKE I ALWAYS SAY LADIES, WISH HARD ENOUGH AND YOU'LL GET IT!



AND THE HOMELESS ARE ONLY THERE BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE THEY WANT TO GO!

PLEASE PLEASE

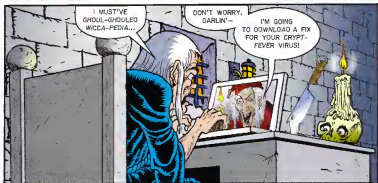
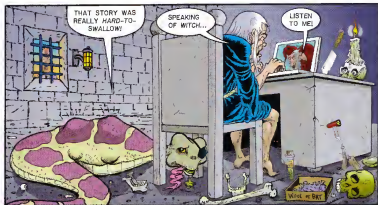




CAN'T WAIT  
TO MEET THE  
NEW OWNER?

I HEAR  
HE'S TOTALLY  
HOT!

PLEASE...



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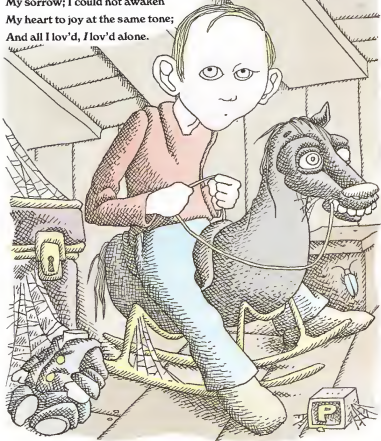
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Special preview on the following two pages...

## ALONE

FROM childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were—I have not seen  
As others saw—I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring.  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow; I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone;  
And all I lov'd, I lov'd alone.



Then— in my childhood— in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life— was drawn  
From ev'ry depth of good and ill  
The mystery which binds me still:  
From the torrent, or the fountain,  
From the red cliff of the mountain,  
From the sun that 'round me roll'd  
In its autumn tint of gold—  
From the lightning in the sky  
As it pass'd me flying by—  
From the thunder and the storm,  
And the cloud that took the form  
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)  
Of a demon in my view.

